PASSING EVENTS
AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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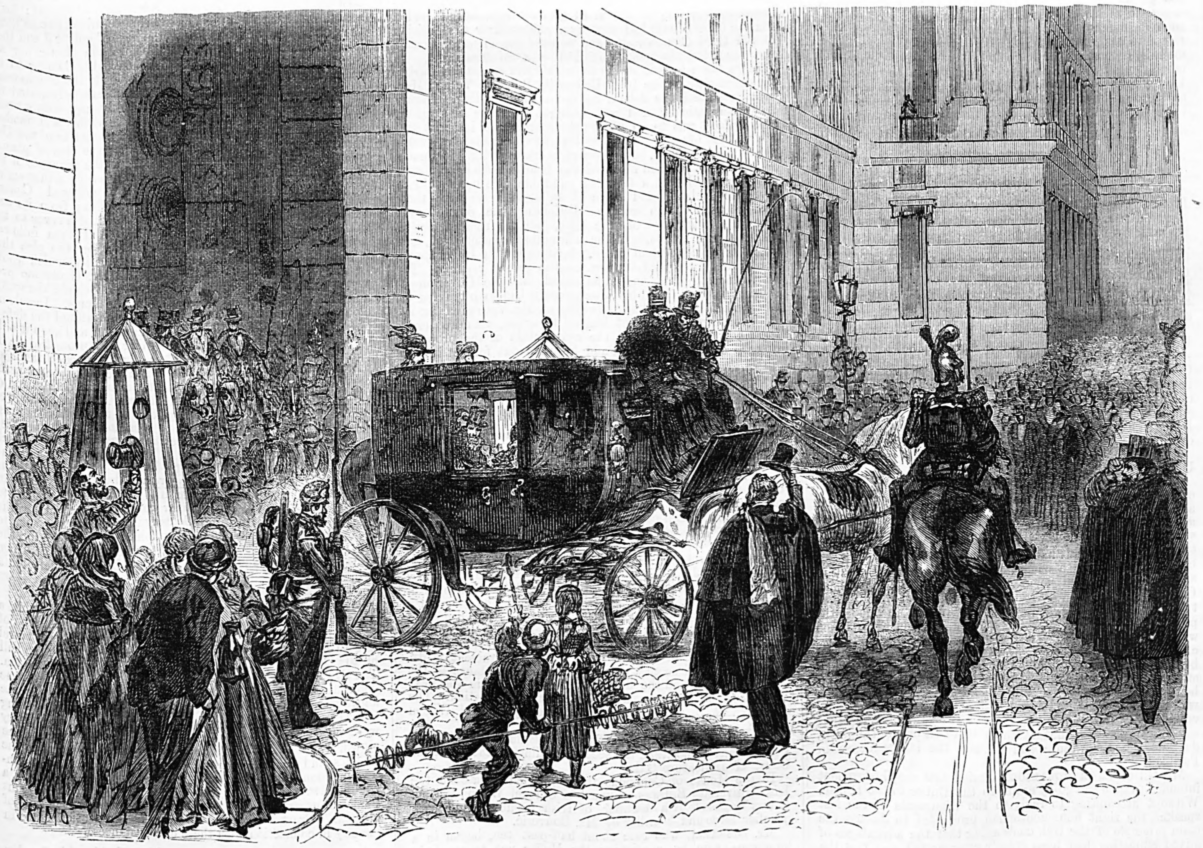
THE IRISH UNIVERSITY BILL.

The countless prophets whose delight it is to predict an evil fate to things political, have for once proved right in their prognostications. Their Cassandra-like wailings over Mr. Gladstone's third attempt to render the long-demanded "justice for Ireland" have been at length justified. By a majority of three—that fatal number three—the Irish University Bill has been thrown out; and now, in presence of this defeat, the question that naturally arises is, "What will the Government do?"

It is all very well for people to answer, "Resign at once!" If the present Ministry resign, who on earth is to take their place? Mr. Gladstone may not possess the confidence of the nation—most decidedly he does not, in the sense in which Lord Palmerston did—but neither does Mr. Disraeli; and there is a proverb about the risk of flying the ills we are acquainted with for others yet unknown, which is applicable at the present moment. Mr. Gladstone is unhappily un-English; he lacks that open frankness, careless of all consequences, which we have made one of the leading characteristics of our typical John Bull; but Mr. Disraeli is similarly deficient. Hence they both fail to strike home to the heart of the nation. We may admire, but we cannot "cotton" to them. All nations are most stupidly susceptible on these points, and no amount of talent or intellect can quite compensate for the absence of that *bonhommie* which catches the multitude. Had the shifty Caucassian been moulded like his departed chief, the late Earl Derby, we should have had a far greater experience of the blessings or curses of a Conservative Government by this time.

Whether we shall taste them now is doubtful in the extreme. According to precedent, Mr. Gladstone should at once place his resignation in the hands of the Queen, but who can say whether he will do so. Judging from the extraordinary vagaries shown by the Government in the matter of the Abolition of Purchase Bill, he would seem quite capable of omitting this little formality. And even if he does so, there arises, firstly, the question whether it would be acceptable or accepted; and, secondly, whether, in the event of its being accepted, any one would have the confidence to come forward and take his place. If the Conservatives are wise they will not do so for the following reasons:—

In the first place, the question on which the Government has been defeated is an off-one. It is most emphatically local, and not national. Horrible as the fact may appear to our Hibernian neighbours, the British public cannot be got to feel an interest in the affairs of Ireland; and despite some feeble attempts at excitement created by the time-worn "No Popery" cry, treated the questions discussed in the Bill with profound indifference. The religious enthusiasm which certain people tried to arouse had been entirely exhausted by the Irish Church Bill, and the struggle became purely a Parliamentary one; and, such being the case, the winning side will not carry with it the sympathies of the nation as it would had the reason of the conflict been one of more national importance. The second reason is of yet greater importance to the



THE EX-KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN LEAVING LISBON.

Conservative party. The odds in the present House of Commons are too great for them to dream of carrying on the Government with success, or of introducing any measure dictated by their political principles. And should they fail, as well as their adversaries, an immediate appeal to the country in the shape of a dissolution will be necessary. But such an appeal is already imminent, as the present Parliament is drawing rapidly to its close. It will be better for both parties to wait quietly till the next general election, when the ballot will decide the matter.

As to the Bill itself, which Mr. Gladstone somewhat viciously remarked was capable of revival, and only laid aside for a moment, we shall not seek to discuss it. The effects it has produced are of more importance than ever was attached to it *per se*.

POLITICAL.

The Lord Chancellor reports that the right of Baron Clarine to vote at the election of Representative Peers for Ireland has been established to his satisfaction.

The Prime Minister had an interview with the Queen on Wednesday afternoon, to formally announce to Her Majesty the grave position in which Ministers were placed by the vote of the House of Commons in the morning. The interview of the Prime Minister with the Queen, which took place soon after her Majesty's arrival at Buckingham Palace, lasted half an hour.

It has been announced that Mr. John Mulholland, Conservative, will be a candidate for the vacancy in the representation of county Tyrone, caused by the death of Mr. Corry, Mr. Mulholland was previously an extensive flax-spinner in Belfast; and it will be remembered that he was one of the unsuccessful candidates for the representation of that town in the general election of 1868. Mr. Findlater, of Dublin, has been mentioned as the Liberal candidate.

We regret to find that the Government have repudiated the pledge which they gave last year when they withdrew their corrupt practices measure under a plea of want of time. Now they declare that they have no intention of taking legislative action at all—at any rate, during the present session. It is not impossible that the dread of defeat on the much needed and much obstructed election expenses clause is the real reason of ministerial inaction. Let us then be thankful that Mr. Fawcett will, at any rate, not suffer the election expenses question to drop, and has introduced a Bill to carry the reform into effect.

Last year, as some of our readers may recollect, a dispute arose among some of the officials of our navy, as to whether, when the Prince of Wales is on board one of the Queen's ships, the firing of the regulation gun in the morning and evening, and the customary lowering of the flag, is to commence with the Prince of Wales's vessel, or on board that of the officer in command at the station. It has now been ruled by the Admiralty that if the Prince of Wales is on board a royal yacht as her Majesty's *locum tenens*, and with the royal standard flying, the firing of the gun and hoisting and lowering of the colours, is to commence on the royal craft. The final settlement of a point of such momentous importance is one on which the nation has reason to congratulate itself. It is impossible that a question so involved can have been adjusted after months of delay without much lengthy discussion and voluminous correspondence. How happy we ought to feel that the quarrel has been terminated without our having to pay a handsome compensation to those whose cherished privileges have been taken away!

IN PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Lords, on Thursday week, the Earl of Limerick drew attention to the statement that at the Clare Spring assizes many of the jury could not speak the English language, while others could neither read nor write, and he asked whether the Government proposed this session to bring in a Bill to amend the Juries' act (Ireland), 1871.—Lord O'Hagan defended the act of last session, which he asserted had been successful in its main objects, which were to secure a thoroughly impartial jury and a jury list large enough to give a fair rotation.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Bruce, in replying to Mr. Hambro, said it was true that 15 seamen belonging to the ship *Peru* had been imprisoned at Dorchester Castle for refusing to go to sea, but it was not true that the vessel foundered two days after leaving Portland harbour. She, however, subsequently met with very severe weather in the Bay of Biscay, and had to be abandoned. Replying to Sir J. Pakington, Mr. Bruce said there was no reason to believe that the vessel was overloaded.

The adjourned debate on the second reading of the Irish University Bill was resumed by

Mr. Horsman, who said that no one doubted the sincerity of the Prime Minister in bringing forward the Bill, and he had an unquestionable desire to remedy what he believed to be a grievance. The Roman Catholic prelates had decided there should be no peace or cessation of agitation until every jot and tittle of their demands had been complied with. The Bill was brought forward as a compromise, but who accepted it as such? The Bill had been promoted to satisfy the Roman Catholics, and they had rejected it. He had never supported the "No Popery" cry, but he felt constrained to oppose the progress of Roman Catholic aggression, because the religion was ceasing to be a creed, and was becoming a piece of statecraft. The efforts of the Government of this country had been rendered futile, because an ecclesiastical authority had stepped in and exerted its power in a manner which would not be tolerated in any other European state. He held that it was an affront to the House to go on with the Bill, and, in voting for its rejection, he trusted the House would show that a spirit still existed amongst them to resist every attempt to degrade the Legislature and destroy the independence of Parliament.

Mr. Chichester Fortescue denied that the Government intended to give the go-by either to the Bill or to the House. Without attempting to reply to the arguments of the last speaker, the right hon. gentleman proceeded to discuss the main principle of the Bill, contending that the advantages of mixed education had been greatly exaggerated, and that the only way to settle the question was to establish a national university.

After several members had addressed the House, the Chancellor of the Exchequer rose and maintained that this Bill was the only means of applying a real remedy to existing grievances.

At one o'clock, Mr. Vernon Harcourt moved the adjournment of the debate, and it was arranged to be resumed on the following Monday.

In the House of Lords, on Friday week, the Earl of Lauderdale asked if the report was true that the King of the Ashantees had declared war against the Queen of England, and crossed our frontier with 12,000 men.—The Earl of Kimberley said it was not true that the King of the Ashantees had declared war, because he had made an incursion into British territory with 12,000 men without giving any notice whatever. He could not inform the House what were the causes of the invasion, but, whatever it might be, Her Majesty's ships of war were on the station, and ready to render all necessary assistance.

In the House of Commons, Lord Eustace Cecil called attention to the undue taxation now imposed upon the taxpayers of the United Kingdom for the defence of the colonies; and moved that the time has now come when, having regard to the best interests of the empire, the taxpayers of the United Kingdom should be relieved from the unequal burden of taxation which they have hitherto borne for imperial purposes.

After speeches from several members, mostly against the motion, Mr. Gladstone hoped the motion would be withdrawn, although he did not wish it to be understood that there was any difference of opinion respecting the policy involved in the resolution. It would, however, be unwise to make any arbitrary demand upon the colonies, as, by leaving the question to its natural growth, the colonists would perceive the advantages of sharing imperial responsibilities, and would become eager to enter into closer relations with the mother country. —The motion was then withdrawn.

Mr. Laing next brought under notice the break of gauge between Peshawur and the main railway system of India. The hon. gentleman urged that, regard being had to commercial as well as military considerations, it was undesirable that there should be a break of gauge on the Indian railway system, and moved a resolution to that effect.—After a long discussion Mr. Gladstone pointed out the inconvenience of giving directions to the Government of India on such a subject, and further objected that the adoption of the motion would be to increase the financial burdens of India. He promised that the discussion should be recommended to the careful consideration of the Secretary of State and Council of India.—On this understanding the motion was withdrawn.

In the House of Lords, on Monday evening, the Duke of Richmond brought forward the alleged grievances of a certain class of officers in the army under the abolition of purchase, with which the public has been made familiar. The advantages which these officers received were balanced against the grievances by Lord Delawarr, while the Duke of Cambridge intimated that the authorities of the War Department would consider any real hardship. The Duke of Richmond also obtained some returns of the quality of the recruits recently enlisted for the army, and various Bills were advanced a stage.

At the early part of the sitting of the Commons Sir Lawrence Palk rose to inquire into the circumstances connected with the prohibition of "The Happy Land" at the Court Theatre. The reply of Mr. Bruce was identical with the published explanation of the Lord Chamberlain, but he added that he (Mr. Bruce) had sent by a police-officer the decision of the Lord Chamberlain, and warned the manager that he was incurring the penalty of £50 as a misdemeanant. To perhaps the very fullest House which has assembled during the discussion on the Irish University Bill, Mr. Vernon Harcourt resumed the debate on the second reading. Laying down emphatically, and with a slight inference of sarcasm, that Ireland was to be governed according to Imperial and not to Irish ideas, which seemed to be either anarchy, ascendancy, or priestcraft, he proceeded to traverse Mr. Horsman's assertion that the Bill favoured the Roman Catholic prelates, and demanded that a fair and equitable measure should be given to Ireland, and leave those prelates to take their own course. With extreme distinctness he pointed out that the principle of the Bill, apart from defective and even bad details, was the affirmation, consolidation, and extension of the system of mixed education in Ireland, and this principle he could support on the second reading. Towards the end of his speech he asked that the Government should not be deserted by those whom it had so often led to victory. After a loud burst of retort on Mr. Vernon Harcourt at the outset, Dr. Ball set himself to argue, with his usual force and energy, against the constitution of the proposed Council of the University, and he cried out for settlement which was finality, in which the Bill was deficient. No one disputed the claim to a hearing of Mr. Patrick Smythe, and he was able fully to state his objections to the measure. The discussion was continued by several Irish members, including Mr. Conolly, who denounced, and Sir Dominic Corrigan, who means to support, the second reading. A young member and a Protestant Irishman, Mr. Blennerhassett, in a neat, well-balanced speech, declared against the Bill. The interposition of Mr. G. Bentinck, in good jesting humour, roused a rather torpid House; and the succession of Mr. Miall, for obvious reasons, created a certain interest. After some delay, he stated that the Bill contained principles which induced him to support the second reading; but unless modifications, especially in regard to the council, were made in committee, he could not vote for the third reading. By some means or other, Lord J. Manners obtained a preference over Mr. Osborne, and of course was hostile to the Bill. When, after many efforts, Mr. Osborne got the hearing, he commenced a speech tinctured with facetiousness, the jests not drowning but supplementing the argument. After awhile he entered entirely into a jocose vein, turning the Bill into ridicule, and producing great mirth to the very end. The argument of Mr. Cardwell was directed to persuading the acceptance of the second reading, and the dealing with objections in the next stage of the measure, promising assent to modification. The adjournment of the debate was moved by Colonel Wilson Patten.

The House of Lords, on Tuesday evening, passed, with scarcely any opposition, the second reading of the Supreme Court of Judicature Bill.

In the House of Commons the adjourned debate on the Irish University Bill was resumed by Colonel Wilson-Patten. It was opposed by a number of Irish members, and with peculiar force and hostility by Mr. Bouverié.

Mr. Disraeli, who rose about half-past ten, began in a humorous vein by cautioning the House not to conclude prematurely that the points said not to be "of the essence of the Bill" had been withdrawn. Mr. Harcourt had the honour of presenting a mark for the first shaft, since his able speech of Monday night was declared to have been like that of an Attorney General—a reference to ambition which the House derisively cheered. Then Mr. Disraeli at once fixed on the real question—whether Mr. Cardwell did or did not tone down the objectionable parts of the Bill to such an extent that it might be allowed to go into committee. He could not explain the speech of Mr. Cardwell, and, unlike Mr. Bouverie, he did not try. But he was armed with a good story to throw ridicule on that part which leaves the right of conferring certain kinds of degrees to Trinity College. Would the right to give theologians degrees be transferred to the Irish Church along with the faculty of theology? If so, was the right to be given also to such sects as the Jumpers? The "White Quakers" of Ireland, he said, fancied that they had a grievance when he was in office, and they brought it before him. He did not think it needful to bring in a Bill to do them justice; if he had, they would, he said, have conferred a degree on him; and the House laughed at the linking of a "White Quaker" degree with the incarnation of the "Asian Mystery." Mr. Disraeli offered a really powerful criticism of what he conceived to be the slight which had been cast on philosophy? How could the Professor of Latin lecture on Lucretius without bringing up the most hotly-contested points of modern speculation, and how could he be prevented from detailing the most flagrant of heresies? Mr. Disraeli found fault with the omission of theology from the subjects to be taught by the University. How, he asked, could the Professor of Arabic be prevented from lecturing on the Koran, and teaching Mahometanism? The Professor of Hebrew might, by explaining the relation of the Israelitish tribes to Christianity, really bring theology into the lecture-room, and thus lay himself open to dismissal at the hands of the Council. The plea was certainly clever. He reached more delicate ground when he came to that Irish vote for which he was fishing. He was full of respect for an ancient race and ancient creed. All his old "No Popery" rhetoric was stilled, and the silvery silence was very clever. And still more skilfully did he deal with the delicate question of concurrent endowment. The plan was dead, he declared; and he would tell the House who had killed it. But it was, he contended, the policy of statesmen. It had been advocated by Peel and Palmerston; it was the policy of Mr. Gladstone himself; but, in an evil hour, he substituted the policy of confiscation; and, in an evil hour for themselves, the Catholics of Ireland joined in the cry in order to destroy the Irish Church. Mr. Disraeli built a wonderful theory on what he called the policy of confiscation. It had, he said, led to the disestablishing of the Romish Church at Rome; and for the fate of the Papacy Cardinal Cullen was more responsible than any other Catholic. Such a declaration will spread consternation through Ireland to-day. But the Irish peasantry have no reason to be alarmed, and they will not fail to see that the Conservative Chief is at heart an advocate of concurrent endowment.

The clever speech drew forth a powerful reply from Mr. Gladstone. With remarkable force he pointed out that, although Mr. Disraeli had pronounced concurrent endowment to be dead, it might revive under the care of so potent a magician as Mr. Disraeli himself. Leaving the speech of the Tory leader, Mr. Gladstone touched the very heart of the hostility to which the Government has been subjected; for he said that, if even a few members were determined to complicate the discussion by casting into it the heat of political and theological passion, neither the Bill before the House nor any other on the same subject, could be passed. Coming to the speech of Mr. Cardwell, he emphatically made the all-important admission that the Minister for War had correctly stated the views of the Government. He frankly and emphatically surrendered the idea that mental philosophy and modern history should be cast out of the teaching course of the University. Not less frankly did he dismiss the plan of placing collegiate members on the Council. Thus the principle of the Bill would be reduced to the foundation of a thoroughly national, unsectarian, and adequately endowed Central University, and the freeing of Trinity College from its sectarian trammels. These words were a final answer to the taunt that the Bill had no principle. And then followed argument against concurrent endowment, on the plea that it would introduce not equality, but inequality, which would be in favour of the Catholic prelates. Mr. Gladstone protested against the policy of endowing the Catholic hierarchy, and thus of stereotyping their absolutist demands. In solemn eloquence, he pictured the perils that would attend the defeat of the Bill by a party which could gain power and keep it only by the help of the Irish vote. Turning to a protest made by Mr. Bentinck on Monday night against the acceptance of power by the Conservative party in the present state of weakness, he found the materials of attack in the declaration of "that repentant rebel below the gangway." For he showed that, if the Conservatives should defeat the Bill, they must take office, although they were in a minority, and that they must thus doom themselves to be the slaves of a faction which would exact its price. Turning to himself, he said that it had been his effort to do justice to Ireland, and eulogised the work that had been done for Ireland by this Parliament. There was a tone of pathos in his words which seemed to anticipate defeat, and the manner was prophetic. After the division Colonel Taylor, the Conservative whip, was seen to waive the paper in token of triumph, and the votes for the Government were 284, and the votes against it 287. Thus, by the narrow but sufficient majority of three, was defeated a Ministry.

Monday, being the anniversary of the death of Mazzini, a deputation from the Democratic Society asked permission of the Syndic of the city, Count Pianciani, to place a laurel wreath on the bust of that famous political leader, in the hall of the Capitol devoted to such memorials of illustrious men. The Syndic granted the request; but on the arrival of the deputation at the Palace of the Conservators for the purpose above mentioned the police refused them admittance. Strong language was used, and, matters getting worse, the military were at last called out, trumpets sounding to arms. The crowd, which had by this time gathered, was dispersed by the soldiers, and three persons were arrested, namely, two gentlemen connected with the press, and Signor Petronio, a young advocate. The Syndic was again seen, and Count Pianciani promised to place the wreath himself on the bust of Mazzini. Great excitement prevails at the political clubs in the city in connection with these circumstances.

The following from a notice-board in a fashionable London suburb is a commentary on itself:—"This excellent site for a church or a public-house is to let. Apply," &c.

AT HOME.

The Adjutant-General of the Forces has issued a general order with a view to the further employment of soldiers at trades, and the formation in each regiment of an efficient pioneer force.

The Cambridge University crew arrived at Putney on Monday, and in the course of the afternoon took their first row upon the Thames. The Oxford crew did not make their appearance till Thursday.

The body of another of the emigrants in the *Northfleet* was washed ashore at Dungeness on Monday, and was buried in Lydd churchyard in the afternoon. Captain Oates and Mr. John Prescott attended the funeral.

The barque *Josephine*, of London, with a general cargo, from Singapore to London, has been totally wrecked off Dungeness. The crew of 13 men were saved by the diving cutter *Star*, of Whitstable, and landed at Dover.

Monday was the tenth anniversary of the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, their Royal Highnesses having been married on the 10th of March, 1863. There was a grand ball at Marlborough House in honour of the occasion.

George Martin, a gunner in the Royal Artillery, stationed at Canterbury, has been committed for trial at Maidstone Assizes on a charge of manslaughter. The prisoner in a quarrel is said to have struck a man named Sharp to the ground so violently that death ensued.

On Monday, as Her Majesty's Indian troopship the *Malabar* was about to start for Glasgow she was driven in shore by the wind, running into the revenue cutter, and afterwards into the water police vessel. She was not, however, prevented from proceeding on her voyage later in the day.

Extraordinary weather has been felt all over England during the past week. We received from various parts of the country, and sometimes even from the same district, reports of snow, hail, rain, sleet, wind, frost, and sunshine. Sudden squalls on the coast have caused lamentable loss of life.

The steamship *City of Paris* arrived at Queenstown at noon on the 7th inst, having the *City of Brussels* in tow. The latter vessel sailed from there on the 21st ult. for New York, and lost her rudder and rudder-post in a fearful gale, when she fell in with the *City of Paris*, and was safely towed back.

A Return International Football Match was played on Saturday last at Kennington. The Scotch team won the toss, but in the first quarter of an hour England scored two goals, which were soon succeeded by two for Scotland. Towards five o'clock England doubled its score, and was declared victor.

Addressing the Foresters at Sheffield at their twentieth annual banquet on Monday, Mr. Roebuck spoke, with a candour that could not have been wholly palatable, regarding the general character of the working men, and intimated his belief that the class is preyed upon by designing agitators and demagogues.

Arrangements are, it is stated, in progress for holding in Hyde Park, on Sunday, one of the largest Fenian amnesty demonstrations which have yet taken place. Four bands have already been engaged, and processions arranged to start from various districts in the metropolis. The meeting will also be addressed on the subject of Home Rule.

The new City Library at Guildhall has been thrown open to the free use of the public, and will henceforth continue to be a free public library. According to the present arrangements, books cannot be taken away from the building, but the question of establishing a "circulating" branch is under the consideration of a committee of the Corporation.

Mr. W. O. May, butcher, was killed on Monday night at Acton station. He was attempting to get into a North London train at the station while it was backing on the platform, which it had overrun, when he was jerked off the foot-rail and thrown under the wheels, which passed over his head and one of his legs, killing him almost instantaneously.

Two of the best oarsmen on the Tyne, Thomas Winship and James Lally, rowed a skiff race on Monday for £200. The course was from the High Level at Newcastle to the Scotswood Suspension Bridge, a distance of three miles and a half. Winship reached the goal about four lengths first; but could have won by three or four times that distance if he had so desired.

Another self-accusation has been made in the case of the Eltham murder, for which crime the young man named Pook was tried and acquitted. If the confession which is now circumstantially made be true, the guilty man is a private soldier in the 52nd Regiment, at Aldershot, named George Bingham. He has made a detailed statement in writing, and is in custody.

The Dewsbury police, on Tuesday morning, arrested an old man named Peter Rhodes for the murder of his wife, who was found the preceding evening dead in bed, horribly wounded about the head and face. The supposed murderer, who was of eccentric habits, and was once in a lunatic asylum, has been unconscious all day, and died at night in the police-cell; it is believed from poison.

There are good times in store for oyster-eaters. A new bed has been discovered between Fleetwood and Whitehaven of almost exhaustless dimensions, being calculated to cover an immense area, the oysters lying two or three feet deep. The fish is said to be remarkably fine and well fed, and of a delicate flavour, though the outside shell appears to be somewhat large and rough.

Between two and three o'clock on Monday morning a fire broke out in Upper Thames-street, on the premises of Mr. Henry Perkins, "Queen's Head" Tavern. The fire was discovered by the police on duty, who raised the alarm, and the inmates escaped by jumping from the back windows. The fire-engines were early on the spot, but the premises were entirely destroyed, and the adjoining houses damaged by fire and water.

During the ceremony of the exposition of the sacrament in St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church, Liverpool, last Sunday evening, the edifice being crowded, some candles on the altar set fire to the drapery, and in the effort to extinguish the blaze several candles were overturned. A panic thereupon ensued, the women shrieking, and many persons rushing to the doors. Owing to the entreaties of the priests, and the flames being extinguished before spreading beyond the altar, no serious injury resulted.

Only nine of the seamen out of the fifteen belonging to the late ship *Peru* have been liberated from the County Gaol, and the remaining six will not be discharged until the end of this week. All the men have served out the term of imprisonment—namely, twelve weeks. The nine now at the Sailors' Home have made depositions at the Customs' House as to the general condition of the vessel, and they all adhere to their original statement that she was not seaworthy.

Westminster Hall was the scene, on Saturday evening, of a brilliant assemblage, the occasion being the distribution of prizes to the London Scottish Volunteers. At the solicitation of Lord Elcho, the Princess Louise had consented to discharge the duty of presentation, and Her Royal Highness was accompanied by her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, who, in acknowledging the vote of thanks to the Princess, spoke cordially of the pleasant time he had spent as a captain of the corps.

A distressing accident occurred on Monday off the Garrison Point at Sheerness, by which three men lost their lives. It appears that five sailors had been on shore to work, and were proceeding off to the *Wildfire*, Admiral's yacht, to dinner. There were also two watermen in the boat, which is known as a "dingy." Owing to a heavy sea and a strong wind, the boat was swamped and sunk. Four of the men were rescued, one being in a very exhausted state, while the other three, Oakes and Brown, two able seamen, and Chamberlain, a waterman, were drowned.

A serious and fatal occurrence took place on Friday, the 7th instant, at Wallsend, midway between Newcastle and North Shields. A boiler, attached to the engine-house of the Wallsend Oil Company's works, suddenly exploded, blowing the roof off the engine-house, and doing great damage to the buildings. On the *débris* being cleared away, George Rutter, the fireman, was found dead among the ruins, and two children belonging to John Scott and Richard Grey were so severely scalded, that they soon died. A man named William M'Queen was also severely scalded.

The inquest on the body of James Green, the Cheshire policeman, who is supposed to have been murdered, has been resumed at Sandbach, and again adjourned. Scientific evidence was given to the effect that stains on various articles of clothing, &c., found on the prisoner Buckley's premises were marks of blood, and to all appearance of human blood. Buckley and his wife were subsequently taken before the magistrates. There being no evidence of complicity in the crime on the part of the woman, she was discharged, and her husband was further remanded.

A fire occurred on the 7th inst in the dwelling-house at 149, Cambridge-road, Bethnal-green, and endangered the lives of some of the inmates. The engines had just arrived, when a woman appeared in her night-dress at one of the windows of the second floor. As soon as she was noticed preparations were made to relieve her by means of the fire-escape, but before it could be placed in its position she jumped from the window, falling on the pavement, and sustained such serious injuries that she had to be removed to the London Hospital. It is considered doubtful whether she will recover. The other inmates escaped unhurt.

On Sunday night a meeting of railway servants was held at the Red Lion, Bishop-road, Paddington, to consider the manner in which they had recently been dealt with by the companies. Complaints were made that memorials from the men had been treated with contempt, and that no provision was made for the dependents of those who got killed or injured. Resolutions were passed, declaring that the working hours should be reduced to ten a day, that the wages should be advanced 2s. per week, and that, in the interest of the public as well as the servants, no one should be allowed to take charge of a train unless he was specially qualified to do so.

Several poultry robberies having lately taken place in the rural districts, a Lewes paper published a paragraph stating that the non-apprehension of the thieves was due to the disinclination of the Brighton police to co-operate with the county constabulary. The Brighton chief constable publicly refuted this statement, but an incident has transpired which has a bearing upon the matter. On Thursday night last week a burglary was committed at Brighton, and about £40 worth of watches and jewellery carried off. The same night an East Sussex patrol stopped two men upon the London road, and on one being collared his companion ran away. The prisoner was taken to a superintendent's station, and although a quantity of cheap jewellery, such as that stolen from the Brighton shop was found in his pocket, he was allowed to continue his journey.

The South Wales strike seems coming to an end. Work has been resumed at Dowlais by about one thousand men. At each of the works a forge and mill have been started, and although the commencement was small, the movement will gradually extend from day to day. The colliers at Ebbw Vale and the ironworkers at Tredegar have also made a start. Mr. Halliday called the colliers and miners together on Monday afternoon and addressed them in his usual strain, urging the policy of non-surrender. An advertisement has been issued by the Miners' Association, inviting all who are desirous of moving into other districts for employment to forward their application to the offices of the association. A deputation of men waited on the manager of Mr. Fothergill's works, and were told that they might resume work on the same terms as had been accepted at Dowlais. Nothing resulted from the interview.

Mr. Bedford has held an inquest respecting the death of Alfred Maskell, aged eight years. The deceased was the son of a baker, and on Saturday afternoon last, while playing on the banks of the ornamental water in the park, near the Horse Guards parade, he slipped in. An intelligent little boy, named Bennett, stated that four or five gentlemen saw the deceased fall into the water, and they refused to save him because they could not swim. A police-constable said he was on duty on the opposite side of the water, when he saw the deceased struggling. He ran round to the other side, a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, and when he got to the scene of the accident the body had been taken out of the water, and at once conveyed to the hospital. Mr. Ornim, house-surgeon, deposed that every remedy was tried to restore life, but without success. The mother of the deceased thought that the bystanders might have done something to save her son. The coroner said the water was very shallow and of uniform depth in St. James's Park, and it did appear cruel to allow a person to perish in broad daylight in the water, without making an effort to save him. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental drowning."

PERSONAL.

Prince Arthur has left Florence for Turin.

Count Bernstorff is progressing favourably.

M. Thiers has entirely recovered from his indisposition.

The Khedive is expected to visit Constantinople at the beginning of May.

Ex-King Amadeus has been made a Lieutenant-General, by King Victor Emmanuel.

Lord de Grey is recovering from the effects of his severe carriage accident at Cannes.

Safve Pacha is appointed Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the place of Khalil Cherif Pacha.

Dr. Nulty, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Meath, has fulminated his pastoral against the Irish University Bill.

The three sisters of Lieutenant Waghorn, the originator of the Overland Route, are to receive a pension of £25 each.

Mr. Scudamore, the head of the Telegraph Department, was on Saturday last entertained at a banquet in Edinburgh.

M. Ledru Rollin will stand for Paris, and M. Lockroy editor of the *Rappel*, for Marseilles, during the Easter vacation.

The King of Italy has conferred on his son-in-law, Prince Napoleon, the title of Count de Moncalieri, a place near Turin.

The Duke of Edinburgh has accepted the presidency of the Edinburgh University Club, in the room of the Duke of Argyll.

Faradis, accused of having taken part in the burning of the Villette Docks during the Commune, has been condemned to death.

General Cialdini is at this moment lying ill in Paris. He arrived a few days back from Barcelona, whither he had gone on family affairs.

Miss Rye has returned from Canada to make spring arrangements for carrying female paupers and orphan children into the West for this year.

Mr. Gladstone has accepted an invitation to preside at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund on Wednesday, the 28th of May next.

Mr. Le Gros Clark is about to resign the Senior Surgeonship of St. Thomas's Hospital, and Mr. Simon, medical officer of the Health Department, Whitehall, will probably succeed him.

Mr. Plimsoll has received a very kindly-worded letter from the Queen, thanking him for his book, "Our Seamen: an Appeal," and wishing him success in his endeavours to benefit them.

Cannon Bardsley, who was reported to be hopelessly ill a few weeks ago, is said to be decidedly better. He is now able to sit up and even to walk across the room, while his speech is also returning to him.

The Hon. Robert Grimstone met with an accident in the hunting-field on Thursday, while with Baron Rothschild's hounds, at Cheddington. Just after clearing a fence his horse fell back, breaking his rider's leg.

Cabrera, the veteran Carlist, has arrived in Paris, from Brussels. He is said to have refused his support to Don Carlos, whose cowardice and incapacity he felt disgusted with, but is ready to fight for Don Alfonso and his party.

The Imperial Crown Prince and Princess of Germany returned to Berlin on Tuesday afternoon, at four o'clock, from Wiesbaden, and were received at the railway station by the Emperor, the Empress, the Imperial Princes, several generals, and nearly all the Ministers of State.

Sir Richard Airey, Adjutant-General of the Forces, while on a visit in the neighbourhood of Dorking, met with a severe accident on Saturday morning last on his way to the hunting field. He was thrown from his horse and sustained a fracture of the collar-bone, and was generally much shaken.

The Prince Imperial will go to the Exhibition at Vienna. His Royal Highness was invited to the ceremony of inauguration by an autograph letter of the Emperor of Austria, but excused himself on account of the too recent death of his august father. He has, however, accepted an invitation of the Court of Vienna to the exhibition itself.

George Collins, who was convicted of robbery with violence at the February session of the Central Criminal Court, was flogged in Newgate in pursuance of his sentence this morning. He received forty lashes, the full tale ordered by the judge. The cat was wielded by two warders from Holloway Prison, who each inflicted twenty strokes.

Father Burke was one of the passengers on board the homeward-bound Inman steamer *City of Paris* who were landed at Queenstown on Friday evening. He was received at the wharf by the town commissioners, the leading inhabitants, a large number of Catholic clergymen, and an immense crowd, who gave him an uproarious welcome.

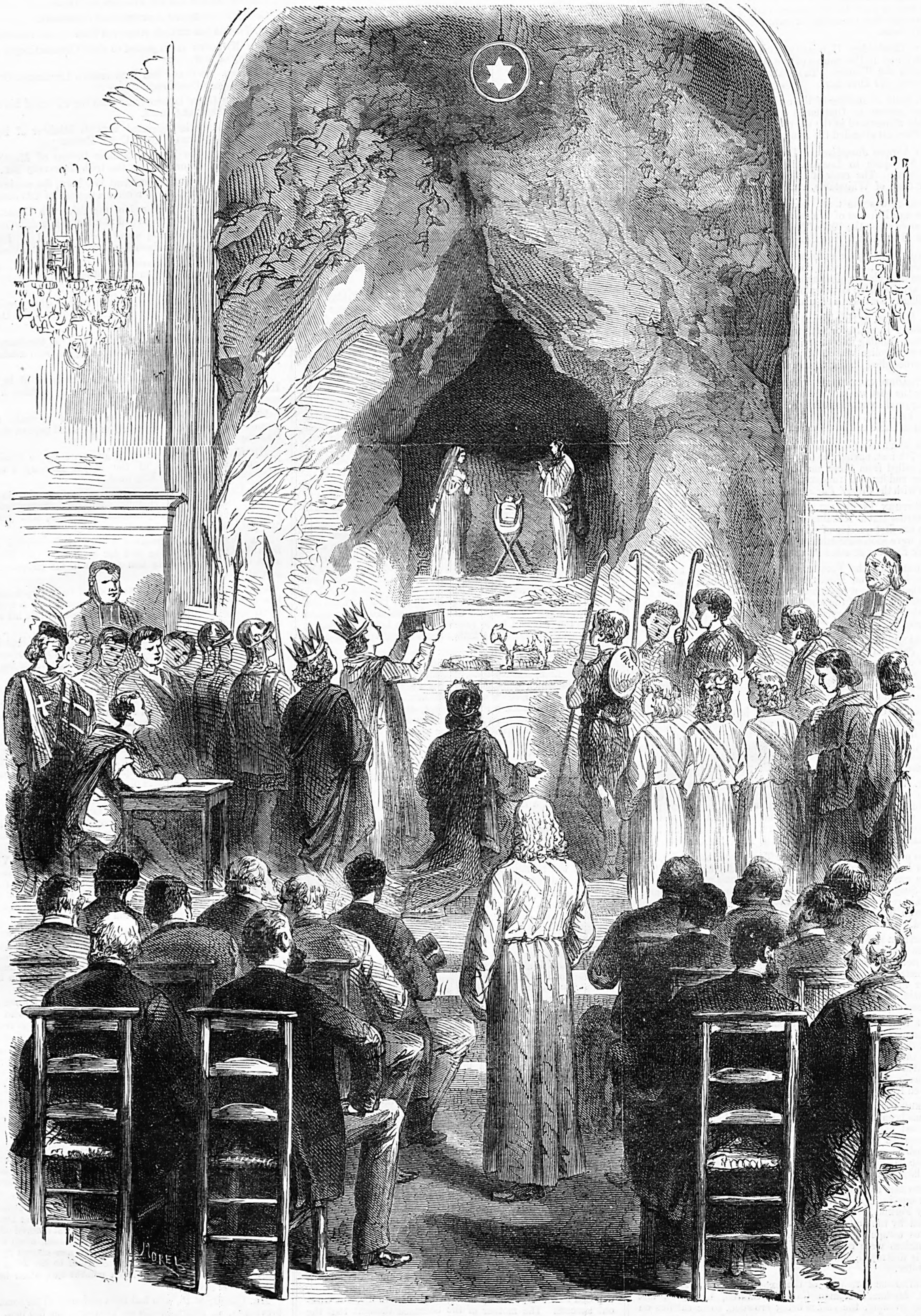
PASSED AWAY.

The Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg at Stuttgardt on Monday evening.

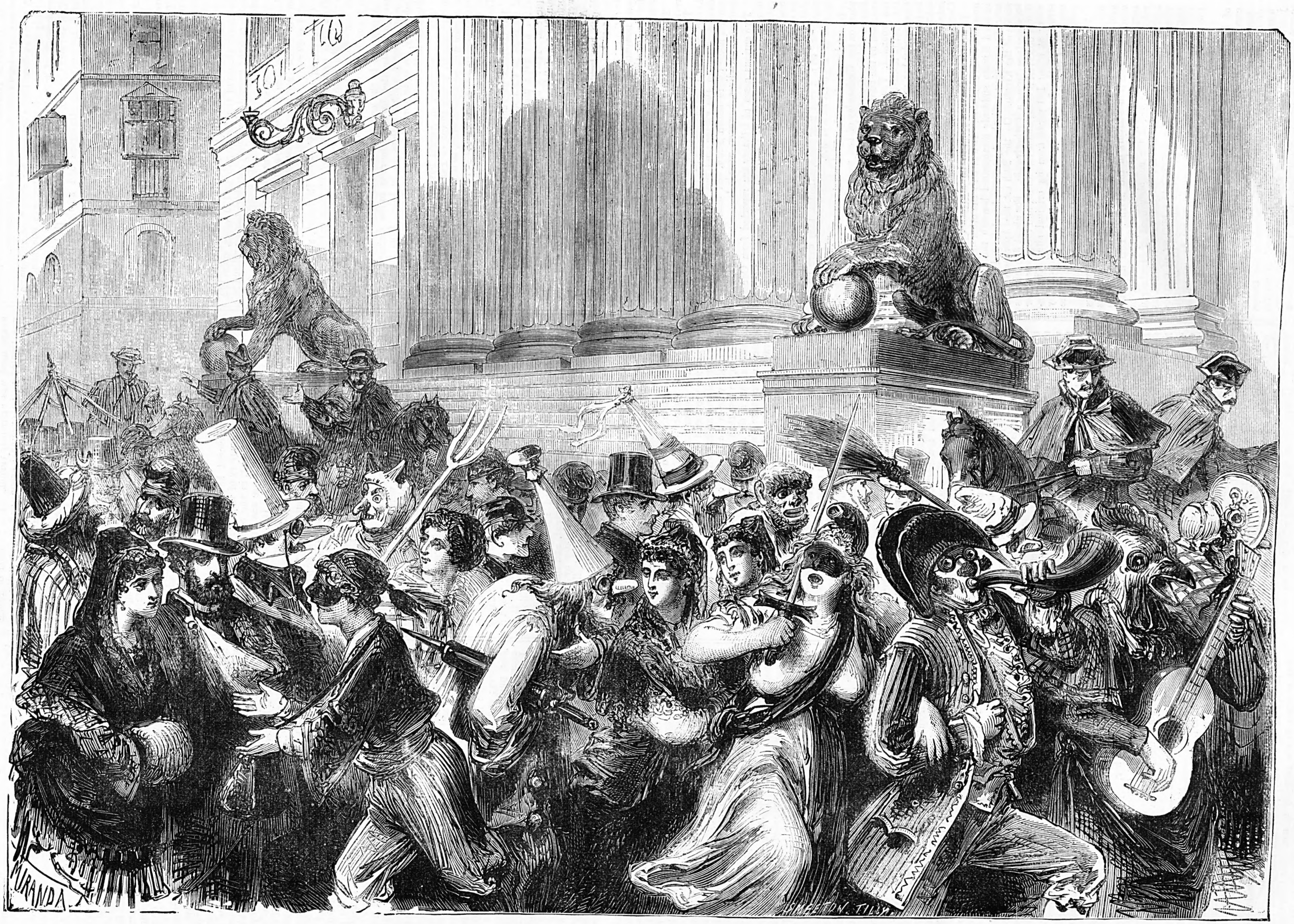
Sir Frederick Madden, F.R.S., K.H., who was for many years keeper of the MSS. at the British Museum, and had contributed largely to modern literature by his historical and genealogical writings. He was in his seventy-third year.

Lord Ossington, better known as the Right Hon. John Evelyn Denison, on Friday the 7th inst. at Ossington Hall, Notts. The deceased peer, who was the son of John Denison, Esq., of Ossington, was born in 1800, and first entered office on the formation of Mr. Canning's Administration, when he was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty. He was chosen Speaker of the Lower House in 1857, in succession to Sir John Shaw Lefevre, and retired only thirteen months ago, when he was raised to the peerage.

Mr. Corry, M.P., who had been seriously ill for some time previously, at Bournemouth on Thursday, the 6th inst. The right hon. gentleman, who was 70 years of age, began his official career as Controller of the Royal Household in 1834, and closed it as First Lord of the Admiralty in the last Conservative Administration. Mr. Corry was the "Father" of the House of Commons, having sat, without interruption, for the county Tyrone since 1826.



PERFORMANCE OF A PASSION PLAY IN PARIS.



SCENE IN FRONT OF THE SPANISH CORTES DURING THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS AT MADRID.

ABROAD.

The Abyssinian railway plant has been sold off to native merchants of Aden and Bombay.

The Mercantile Treaties proposed by the Japanese Special Embassy have been rejected in Paris and Amsterdam.

A German from Berlin has been for some time at Panama butterfly hunting. His first remittance was one hundred pounds worth of butterflies.

The German Chancellor demands 4,000,000 thalers of the French indemnity for strategical and administrative telegraphs.

Rustschuk advices to the 9th inst. state that the Bulgarians threaten a rebellion if the ecclesiastical firman be revoked.

Another instalment of 150 millions of francs has been paid by France to Germany, thus making the total amount paid three and a-half milliards.

The prospects of the Anglo-French treaty do not improve as to the election of the committee of the French Chamber proceeds. Of the eleven members already appointed by the bureaux, ten are opposed to the treaty.

The Electoral Reform Bill for Austria has been passed by the Lower House of the Reichsrath by 120 votes, only 122 members being present, the Polish members having retired in order to mark their disapproval of the measure.

There has been an explosion at the cartridge factory at Mont Valerien, due, it is said, to accidental causes. No person was killed; and the the number of wounded is officially stated as 29.

A private of her Majesty's 49th Regiment, stationed at Mhow, has committed suicide by blowing out his brains with his rifle. He had for some offence been deprived of his lance-corporal stripe, and it is thought that this so preyed on his mind as to lead him to commit suicide.

According to the new plan for the development of the navy just submitted by the Admiralty to the German State Council, eighty million thalers, to be taken from the War Indemnity, are to be applied to the construction of ships and shipyards in the next ten years.

The French Court of Appeal has given judgment in the suit brought by young Duval, of Paris, whose recent attempt at suicide will be remembered, to obtain the removal of the interdiction to manage his property, pronounced against him at the suit of his mother on the ground of his prodigality. The Court rejected his demand.

A disastrous incident is reported from the seaport town of Palamos in Catalonia. A cutter arrived, the captain of which was quite unaware of the abdication and its consequences. Having been greeted with what he thought a treasonable cry of "Viva la Republica" from another vessel, he ordered his men to open fire upon it, and several of the crew were killed or wounded.

A young Frenchman, in the department of the Seine-et-Marne, has lighted upon a new expedient for avoiding military service. He assassinated his father in order to be able to claim exemption as a "widow's only son." The law does not, however, appear to view this novel device with much favour, for the Court of Assizes has found him guilty of murder, and condemned him to death.

The whole Baltic fleet of Russia is being equipped for a review to be held during the sojourn of the Emperor William.

The village of Vratza has lately been visited with a violent hurricane, which lasted for three days, and caused great damage both to the village and the surrounding country. Several houses were blown down, and others were severely damaged. No lives, however, were lost.

Two curious cases of lethargy are reported from Odessa, in which the victims were saved from their horrible doom by the intercession of the "pope" (or Russian priest) officiating near the apparently dead, and who caused the interment to be delayed. When the two patients came to life again they stated that they had heard and understood everything that was going on and said near them, although they were unable to give the slightest sign of life.

By a telegram from New York we learn that fighting took place on the Wednesday of last week in New Orleans. The Fusion Militia attempted to seize the police-station, but were repulsed by the police with artillery. One man was killed and ten wounded. The Federal troops having arrived on the spot, the Militia retired. A later telegram states that the Federal Commander has announced that he has the President's order to prevent any violence being offered to Mr. Kellogg's Government. The Fusion Legislatnre protests againsts the military interference, and has declared its intention of appealing to Congress.

The cafés at Smyrna seem to be altogether in rather an uncomfortable condition. It was only the other day that the ill-fated Kivoto suddenly disappeared beneath the sea, and now the adjoining café, the Aphroessa, has followed the example of the Kivoto. On the 20th ult. the Aphroessa took its departure during a northerly gale. For about five minutes it was observed floating about like a raft, and then sank under water at about 100 yards from its original site. The destruction of the Aphroessa was fortunately unattended by any loss of life, the café having been closed by order of the police after the catastrophe which befell the Kivoto.

A case is announced for trial in the course of a few days before the Second Council of War at Versailles, when it is said that very startling revelations will be made respecting the conduct of the francs-tireurs of the Marne. This irregular corps stands charged with having committed a series of robberies, murders, &c., in the neighbourhood of Montmirail and Epernay. At first the accusations were regarded as purely imaginary, but the discovery of a number of corpses in places pointed out by the peasantry induced the authorities to institute a serious investigation, which has ended in the arrest of a number of francs-tireurs.

Advices from St. Petersburg state that the total number of Russian troops who will proceed against Khiva does not exceed from 10,000 to 12,000 men. Generals Variofkhan and Markozoff are mentioned as the sub-commanders of the expedition under General Kaufmann. The march of the troops upon Khiva will be concentric. The statement of several journals that Prince Gortschakoff was about to retire on account of advanced age is unfounded. Still, the anticipation expressed by certain English journals that Count Schouvaloff would succeed the Prince should any change be made is probable.

The Pope received last week what is called an international deputation, consisting of 160 persons, for whom Prince Lichtenstein was spokesman. The Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Denbigh, Lord St. Asaph, and other well-known English Roman Catholics were included in the deputation. The language used was extremely violent. The invasion of Rome was treated as an execrable crime, and Italian unity as a pretext for reducing the Church to a state of slavery—an attack made with infernal astuteness and violence. The special object of the deputation was to attest solemnly the horror inspired by the new movement against religious orders.

Rather serious news is brought by the West African mail relating to the expected Ashantee war. At Cape Coast Castle and Elmina the merchants were anticipating a stoppage of trade in consequence of the Ashantees threatening to make a raid on the coast towns. Dr. Rowe, in charge of a company of Houssa armed police, has gone into the interior to prevent any outrage in the Protectorate, and the whole native population were preparing to defend what they consider their own territory. It is reported that the Ashantees do not admit the right of the Dutch Government to transfer Elmina to the British, and claim it as their own. Hence the present disturbed state of affairs.

Considerable excitement has been caused in French military circles by the discovery of the body of Commandant Poustel, of the 61st Regiment, in the Seine. The unfortunate officer had his throat cut, there was a deep wound across the temple, and another in the back. It is considered possible that he may have committed suicide by cutting his throat on the parapet of a bridge, and have received the other two wounds in falling into the river; but as his pockets were empty, it is supposed that he was murdered. The police have been ordered to investigate this affair in the most careful manner, partly on account of the bad feeling of the lower classes towards the military, and partly because so many crimes have recently been committed on the banks of the Seine.

King Amadeus and his consort arrived at Genoa on Saturday evening last, and on landing, were received with ceremony by the authorities, and by the people with great cheering. His Majesty and family proceeded to Turin, and from thence on to Rome, and were enthusiastically welcomed at both places. At Turin the meeting between the ex-King and Prince Humbert, his brother, was most affecting. From the railway to the Palace, flowers were showered down upon the ex-King and Queen. The first carriages were covered with bouquets, and the carriage in which Amadeus and his consort sat by the side of Prince Humbert and the Prince of Carignano could hardly proceed, so great was the throng of people pressing round it to kiss their hands. Amadeus was much affected. It is estimated that more than a hundred thousand persons followed from the railway station to the square of the Palace. Enthusiastic cheering continued for several hours. The Duke and Duchess of Aosta several times appeared, and thanked the crowd. All the authorities were received later by the Duke and Duchess. The whole city was splendidly illuminated, and an enormous crowd cheered, and shouted, "Long live our own Prince!"

Spanish intelligence appears to become more and more serious. In the North the Carlist troops have prohibited and apparently stopped the important railway communications between Irun and St. Sebastian, burned the station at Santa Otalla, cut the line between Zumarraga and Beasain, and destroyed the viaduct at Ormaizegui. The Federalists are causing even greater alarm. The Catalans already threaten to declare their provincial independence; in Andalusia the same separatist movement has strongly developed itself; and previous to the vote in the Cortes, by which the dissolution was agreed to, no less than twenty-two provinces are said to have announced that if the Assembly was not dissolved they would refuse to recognize the authority of Madrid. President Figueras has paid a visit to Barcelona, where the Federalist and Communist agitation seems to have been at its highest, and since the President's arrival the state of affairs appears to have somewhat ameliorated. The elections will take place on the 10th of May, and the Constituent Assembly meet on the 1st of June. In the interval between the dissolution and the meeting of the new Cortes an Executive Committee will be appointed, with similar powers to the Commission sitting at Versailles during the recess. Carlist advices from the frontier announce that Dorregarray, on the 6th inst., with his staff and 3,000 men, hold a strong position at Murieta. Three columns of troops were marching to attack him, and Dorregarry, learning that two of the columns were separated by a mountain, moved to attack the isolated column. The Republicans, perceiving his intention, retreated on Logrono and Acros. Dorregarray then marched towards the province of Biscay. The Carlist accounts represent the position of the Republican detachments in the provinces of Novarre and Biscay as very critical.

The French Assembly continue to wrangle like dogs over a bone over the clauses and amendments of the proposal before the Chamber for the constitution of a provisional government. At Tuesday's sitting, after a decidedly Republican speech from M. Duvergier de Hauranne and a Radical speech by M. Louis Blanc, the Marquis de Franclieu, who belongs to the Extreme Right, delivered a speech, during which he was called to order. He brought down upon himself protestations from nearly all the Assembly, with the exception of some members of the Extreme Right. The following were the remarks made by the Marquis, the extreme violence of which met with disapprobation even from his friends:—"In February, 1871, France, conquered by foreign nations and by Revolution—(murmurs from the Left)—France, twice conquered, appointed us to give her a king. (Laughter on the Left; applause from the Right.) We then allowed ourselves to be circumvented by a man whose fatal influence has made him the evil genius of the country." (Protests from the Left and the Centres; silence on the Extreme Right. The noise continued for ten minutes, and even the members on the Right called upon the Speaker to leave the Tribune.) The President: "M. de Franclieu, you have just made an insulting attack on the President of the Republic. I call you to order." (Marks of approval.) M. de Franclieu: "You ask me to withdraw my expressions. I shall not withdraw them. No, I shall do nothing of the kind. (Noise from the Left and Centre.) In a few moments a fluctuating majority of this Assembly will implicitly and fraudulently declare the Republic." (Noise from the Left.)—"This is an insult." After this speech the excitement was so great that the speakers sought in vain to make themselves heard, and the sitting was postponed till the following day.

THE SLAVE MARKET AT ZANZIBAR.

In No. 7 of Passing Events we gave a view of the Zanzibar Slave Market. A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who accompanied Sir Bartle Frere's mission, has sent home the following letter, which fully corroborates the picture presented by us:—

"I have visited the slave market of Zanzibar. It is in a corner of the poorest quarter of the town, principally inhabited by negroes. The site is an open piece of ground, surrounded partially by walls and partially by thatched low huts. At the time of my visit—5.30 p.m.—said to be the busiest in the market—there were about seventy-five slaves for sale. A goodly number of people were assembled, but many of them were mere idle loungers—idleness being the besetting vice of the Arab, and, I may say, of every one here except the foreign traders, who ply their calling on all days and at all seasons. The slaves exposed were all Africans, both the new importations and those whom their masters, for their faults or owing to pecuniary pressure, had sent to the market. The two classes could be easily distinguished. The latter were in good condition, and fairly clad; two or three had even silver ornaments, which, however, I was informed, were to be removed the moment their wearers were sold. They were all females, and, with three or four exceptions, young. A few of these were made to stand in a row for the inspection of intending buyers; others sat in the verandahs of the huts, talking to each other in a subdued voice—a point insisted upon by their masters and brokers, very much against their own inclination—while those in the row stood mute, like soldiers after the word "attention." The new slaves squatted in single file, describing something like a semicircle, a few being deposited in the middle. Unlike the other class, these were of both sexes, young and old, some mere children, and all of them nearly skeletons, with emaciated figures, and attenuated faces hardly less repulsive than skulls dug up from the grave. Their appearance excited pity and loathing. Conspicuous among this squatting group were two negroes who were manacled and fastened together by a thick chain. I was told that they were so treated in consequence of their attempts to run away. They were young men, strongly built, but the savage was plainly written in their faces; and if I had been told that they were cannibals, it would have been hard to disbelieve it. I pretended to be looking out for a cook and a boy, and though the sellers did not at first seem to believe me, the opportunity of fleecing a stranger was too tempting to be thrown away. Three girls were pointed out to me from amongst those sent to the market by their masters; and thus I entered upon the business as a *boná-fide* purchaser. While I was questioning the man in charge of them as to the knowledge of each in cooking, I observed the way in which other intending purchasers examined the rest of the batch. They looked into their mouths, felt their hands and shoulders and limbs as you would a horse. The girls—for all these were young negresses—wore a resigned look, and seemed to submit to the degradation as a criminal does to a degrading punishment. They appeared to have been born in Zanzibar, and having lived in Arab families, had certainly not lost, judging from their demeanour, the natural modesty of their sex. Two of them were regularly put up to auction, and every bidder had a right to examine them. While all this was going on, the poor girls had their heads cast down or turned aside from the crowd before them. Can we fully realize the feelings of a young woman in such a situation, negress though she be? To be exposed for sale in a public market, to be examined by any fellow who may wish or pretend that he wishes to buy her, and at last to be disposed of for any service or purpose, to whoever pays the price, without any guarantee whatever for future good treatment—these are outrages on the law of nature to which no usage, no faith in predestination, can reconcile a human being. Not having found a cook who knew the dishes I mentioned, I turned to the newly-imported batch of negroes. There were few purchasers for these, and the whole lot presented such a repulsive appearance that it was impossible for me to remain long among them. Males and females—adults and children—all seemed to be so perfectly indifferent as to their lot—so entirely unconcerned to what was going on around them—their physiognomies, as a rule, so unlike those of the Arian and Semitic races, that, had it not been for the slaves who were sent from the town for sale, and who, compared with these savages, were civilized beings, I should remember the slave market of Zanzibar only by my association of the cattle markets of England.

On my way home I saw an old negro woman lying by the roadside in a dying condition. Although I could elicit no information from the people who passed by, she was evidently a pauper, having been liberated by her owner when she was of no use to him, and, being unable to go about, she lay where I saw her—just as a camel, unable to go farther, might lie in the desert—to die. She was a skeleton, and was, no doubt, starving. A fresh cocoanut, half emptied of its milk, was all I saw near her in the way of food and drink. A few shillings were given to a passer-by, with a request that the poor creature should be supplied with food, and I returned home with a sad heart. A few days ago I saw a young and fat negress with her hands tied behind her back, and led by a Swahilee servant, who had one end of the rope in his hands. She was sobbing, and appeared to be in great distress. I was much touched to observe that, when she approached two negroes who were passing in the opposite direction, she sobbed two or three words, on which they stopped, and one of them took up a corner of her cloth and dried her eyes and face. She then walked on with her custodian, while the two negroes stood still looking at her, apparently with compassion, till she disappeared round the corner. The man in charge of her neither said nor did anything harsh in my presence. She was, no doubt, a domestic slave, and had been guilty of some offence."

A subscription, opened in Germany early last year for a statue in honour of General Von Moltke, has just closed, and the total amount has been found to be a little over £250. The French journals make impertinent allusions to the fable of the mountain in labour. The old soldier himself requested that an end should be put to the pleasantry.

The Islington Guardians have been lately making use of a machine for peeling the potatoes used by the inmates, and it is said to be so very useful and economical that 9s. a day is saved to the rates by its use. The Guardians of the Holborn Union, on these facts being brought to their notice, have ordered a similar machine to be supplied to each of their three workhouses.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DEPARTURE OF KING AMADEUS.

King Amadeus, accompanied by his queen, left the Belem Palace at Lisbon, where he had been residing, on the afternoon of Monday, the 3rd inst., and embarked on board the Italian frigate *Roma*, which at once weighed anchor. His safe arrival at Genoa, and his enthusiastic reception in his native country, will be found detailed in another column. Our engraving, from a sketch taken on the spot, represents his departure from the Belem Palace, which was of an almost private character.

A PASSION PLAY AT THE CHURCH OF ST. ROCH.

Inspired we may presume, by the great success of the time-honoured Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, the clergy of the church of St. Roch lately conceived the idea of favouring the public of Paris with a somewhat similar representation. On the 2nd of last month they presented to a somewhat amazed audience a genuine "mystery," one of those miracle or passion plays so dear to the populace of the Middle Ages, to whom they afforded the sole means of satisfying that craving for scenic display which seems inherent to all periods.

In these pieces, which were common enough in England, as well as on the Continent, the most important personages in the Old and New Testament were brought upon the stage, together with numberless angels, saints, and devils. The latter beings, indeed, were of the highest importance, as has been abundantly illustrated by numerous fragments of antiquarian lore, unnecessary to recapitulate here.

With the exception that he omitted to place the personified spirit of evil upon the stage, the author of the "Passion Play" represented at the Church of St. Roch followed the example set him by his predecessors pretty closely. The title of his work was "The Mystery of the Childhood of Our Lord from His Birth at Bethlehem to the Presentation in the Temple." It consists of four scenes or days. In the first scene the inhabitants of Judea, in obedience to the decree of Cæsar, ordering the numbering of his subjects, come to inscribe their names upon the registers of the Proconsul, who is escorted by two Roman soldiers and preceded by a herald in the costume of the twelfth century. This intentional anachronism is in the style of the old mysteries, which in their details always reveal the feudal customs of the epoch at which they were written. Joseph and Mary arriving after the others, and finding no place at the inn, are glad to take refuge in a stable.

In the following scene the prophecies have been fulfilled and the Saviour is born. The angels arouse the shepherds, and these latter proceed to the stable with their offerings. After the shepherds come the Magi, who are guided by a coloured lantern, which represents the star, and whose visit forms the third scene. The fourth and last consists of a long canticle, sung in the temple at Jerusalem by Simeon and the high priest.

Thus it will be seen that this play, which was acted by pupils of a school attached to the church, though in other respects closely resembling those performed in the Middle Ages, differ from them greatly in the matter of length. Several French mysteries contain forty thousand lines, and would require more than two days for their representation.

SCENE OUTSIDE THE SPANISH CORTES.

As narrated in our last number, whilst the Spanish Cortes were deliberating, with closed doors and in a building garrisoned like a fortress, with armed men, upon the future government of the country, the pleasure-seeking crowd without did not relax their amusements in the slightest. The Prado was encumbered with innumerable carriages, containing the well-dressed upper class, with lace and flowers in their hair, the lovely camellia being predominant; the masks were numerous, the costumes fresh and good. Four lines of carriages reached from the top of the Fuente Castellana, through the Pasco de Becoletos, and down to the Southern Railway station, a distance of nearly three miles. These carriages are mostly occupied by ladies, indeed no Madrid young lady of good society would miss it for anything, as, under the cover of a mask, and favoured by the license of Carnival time, admirers who throughout the rest of the year can only sigh at a distance, are now permitted to approach and even to mount into the carriage in which their fair one is seated. Accordingly, all the young Madrilenos whose pockets will support the expense, and whose legs can stand the exercise, sally out into the promenade arrayed in whatever costume may seem good to their exuberant fancy. Red Indians, and magicians, bears, poodles, and hares, are all to be seen; a walking model of Bismarck is arm-in-arm with a striking likeness of M. Thiers; and every description of ancient and modern uniforms, including that of the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein's guards, is brought into requisition. Of the isolated masqueraders this year amongst the most successful were those dressed in long swallow-tailed coats and costume to match. Another success was the giant papa, some eight feet in height, with a tremendous head, who, sauntering on the Prado, made acquaintance with the crowd; the men with chimney-pots for head-gear were not to be despised; and the two men dressed as babies in long night-shirts danced with wild contortions which almost tickled young Spain into fits. The favourite costume, however, is that in which the wearer can exemplify and exaggerate the eccentricities indulged in by fashionable members of the fair sex. Enormous chignons, inflated panniers, powder, rouge, and a ball dress trailing some four yards behind, seem hardly the most suitable dress for a young man to disport himself in before the eyes of his female friends, yet this was decidedly the favourite costume; and it seemed very curious to see one who was to all outward appearance a fashionably dressed lady spring up behind an open carriage, and lean over the back, with an utter disregard as to how much of her lower extremities were visible.

Yet all this harmony was suddenly disturbed in the most startling manner. The excitement just outside the Cortes was at its highest. The gaily costumed bands of music, with their violins, tambourines, flutes, and castanets, filled the air with really sweet music. There were Chinese, Zouave, Greek, and several other bands, accompanied with dancing men, dressed as ballet-girls, in the streets; the windows and balconies of the houses were thickly peopled with inhabitants attracted by the inspiriting strains. Musicians' caps were thrown aloft to the sightseers, who, having placed some money therein, threw them down again to their owners, who then passed on, gathering a rich harvest in their progress.

Suddenly every one took to his heels. The crowd bolted, and the shopkeepers hastily closed their shutters. Cab and omnibus drivers flogged their horses; quadrupeds and bipeds were instantly racing for their lives; children screamed, and mothers hastened with them down side streets; the Chinese band ran like Europeans, and the Zouaves left nothing to be desired so far as bolting is concerned; the giant grandpapa and the babies in nightgowns bounded along terrifically; the fellows in tights nearly split them in their frantic exertions to get to the front; and the gentlemen in the canary suits flew with the wings of fright. If the whole affair had been arranged beforehand, and people in various parts of the town had been ordered to start at the same moment, they could not have done so more simultaneously. The only explanation is that a handful of men of the Guardia Civil left the Congress at a trot, a military performance which terrified the populace into a gallop. In the lower parts of the town groups of armed men at once collected, and the throwing up of barricades was suggested and commenced. Fortunately, however, the alarm passed away, and the next day all were as merry as ever.

THE GERMAN NAVY.

A serious attack has been for some time past threatened on the plan of the German Government for gradually enlarging the fleet of the Empire. The original scheme laid down for this in 1867 was to take ten years in execution. It provided for two chief dockyards to be formed at Kiel and Wilhelmshafen, the one for the Baltic, the other for the German Ocean, and for the construction of a grand fleet of ironclads, to consist of sixteen line-of-battle or first-class ships, twenty corvettes, eight smaller ships, and twenty gunboats. The sudden outbreak of war in 1870 checked the carrying out of this scheme, which had at that time been approved by the Governments which made up the North Germad Bund; and the question now is, whether the suggestion of certain Liberal writers ought not to be adopted, that, instead of this large plan, a merely defensive force should be maintained, and the national reliance placed chiefly on the army. Indeed, the *Weser Zeitung*, usually well informed on such matters, has declared the last resolve of the Government to be something of this sort, and so framed as to be in accordance with the demand of the Liberals that money should not be lavishly spent upon a coast-line which has not, through several wars, been seriously attacked. This view, however, is very repugnant to the sentiments of the large party who insist on Germany's duty to be ready at all points and for all issues.

It will be seen from our engraving that the sailors at present manning the German fleet attempt as close an imitation as is possible of our own blue jackets.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

Seven years have now elapsed since the heir apparent paid a visit to the great hunting district in which Belvoir Castle stands, and though the visit of last week was announced as a strictly private one, it was looked forward to with a large amount of interest in the neighbourhood of Grantham. As it was the intention to present his Royal Highness with an address on his arrival at Grantham on the Tuesday evening, there was a good muster awaiting at the railway station, where he was received by Lord George Manners, and introduced to the Mayor and Corporation. After the address had been presented, the Royal party drove to Belvoir Castle, where a large party sat down to dinner. On Wednesday the Duke of Rutland's hounds met at Croxton Park, and as it had widely spread that the Prince would be at the meet, the gathering was an exceedingly large one, the fine morning contributing to swell the company, and the park presented a brilliant appearance. There were 400 or 500 mounted spectators, including a large number of ladies, besides the carriage company. The Prince rode to the meet with Lord John Manners and the principal guests at the castle. The duke drove in a carriage and four. The Prince was heartily welcomed by those present. After a gallop round the extensive park, Lingswood, where Reynard is always at home, was drawn, and furnished a fox which yielded a capital run. He ran two miles to Goadby, where he was lost. In Goadby Gorse he was found again, but the sun being bright and hot there was no scent, and the fox was lost at Waltham. Another fox was found at Newman's Gorse, which afforded a run of 45 minutes over a nice line of country and beat the hounds. The party returned to Croxton and found again, when a run of 16 minutes ended in a kill. At Edmanthorpe the brush was presented by Gillard, the huntsman, to the Prince of Wales. The Royal party, after this excellent day's sport, returned to Belvoir Castle about seven o'clock. The Prince was well mounted, and held a place at the head of the large field. The pack met at Belvoir on Thursday, when some first-rate sport was enjoyed, and this was succeeded by a grand ball, and on Saturday his Royal Highness returned to town.

The main object of this visit to a famed hunting country was to secure a few good runs for his Royal Highness before the end of the season; and very satisfactorily has the end been accomplished, the only drawback having been the indisposition of the noble host, who was not able to follow his famous pack. Although the Prince is not so light as he was, he rides with equal pluck, and appears to enjoy the chase more than ever.

THE FEAST OF BAIRAM AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The feast of Courban-Baïram, which took place last month at Constantinople, lasts for four days—without reckoning the eve and the morrow, which are also days on which it is understood that no work should be done. On the day before the feast people are considered as preparing for it; and on the day after it ends they rest from the fatigues which the festival has occasioned. Orientals by nature hate hard work, and seize every occasion for "knocking-off." When opportunity fails them, they create it. Courban means "sacrifice;" thus the Courban-Baïram is the feast of sacrifices—the day on which every good Mussulman should immolate one sheep at least with his own hands. The number varies according to the pecuniary means of each person. The poor are dispensed from this pious practice, and find their advantage in the distributions of flesh which at this period the rich afford. On the latter this act of charity is obligatory; and their position and fortune are reckoned by the number of sheep which they sacrifice, with a view to distribution among the poor. During the four or five days preceding the Courban-Baïram, Constantinople is one huge sheepfold. On every hand one sees nothing but flocks of sheep, crowding the streets and public squares, where the peaceable animals are offered for sale. The richest private individual, the loftiest functionary of the State, does not think it beneath him to come in person to this kind of fair, and plunge his hand into the tufted hair of the animal he has already chosen by the eye, to make himself certain that it is perfectly fat enough. The choice once made, the porters who have the stations beside the flocks heave upon their shoulders the beasts that have been sold, and follow the purchaser, who walks in front—all the prouder in proportion to the number of sheep and porters who follow in his train. The grave demeanour with which all this is carried on especially strikes those for whom the ceremony is novel. No business of State could be treated with so much importance and seriousness.

But let us now come to the sheep which are destined for the palace, to be there slaughtered nominally by the Sultan and by the members of His Majesty's family, who ought, if they would conform to the precepts of their religion, themselves to pass the knife across the throat of the animals, being free to leave afterwards to their attendants the business of completing the sacrifice. The sheep sent to the palace are of the very finest kind. They are bred specially for the purpose of this sacrifice, and with the greatest care, on the Imperial farms, where they are kept for three years, in order that they may acquire their full devolopment. On the day before the Baïram, they are led in procession to the palace. The *cortége* is very strange. There were at least a hundred sheep, large and fat, walking in single file. Their long and well-kept fleeces hung down to the very ground; all had their horns gilded, and were covered with ribbons of silk, of various colours. Each of them was led in a lease by a guardian clothed in a long white tunic, who walked with measured pace and with a gravity that was truly comical. Bands of musicians, richly dressed in shepherds' garb, preceded and followed this singular train, blowing with all the power of their lungs into Pan-pipes and bagpipes, and striking with most energetic thumps upon tambourines. Then came the chief of the corporation of shepherds, mounted on horseback. His steed was caparisoned in the antique fashion; and he himself wore a costume of the most bizarre description, which would fetch a high price indeed from an eccentrically-minded *habitué* of the masked balls at the Parisian Opera. The picturesque character of this costume, however, was surpassed in the garb of another personage, who closed the procession. The latter was overloaded with ribbons, with bannerets, with laces which fluttered in the breeze; and he was surrounded by a numerous escort of persons, with breast and legs bare, who wore the turban of the old Janissaries. An immense crowd of people followed this strange procession, which passed through the whole of Stamboul, crossed the Bridge of Cara-Kieui, and traversed the great street of the Tophanie, on its way to Dolma-Baktchi, where it received a gala welcome, with all the customary ceremonies.

The religious ceremonial of the first day of Beïram, which forms the subject of our illustration, is well enough known. It is repeated thrice in every year, on the two Baïrams and at the Mehved; and all travellers who have visited Constantinople have described it in their books. At sunrise the Sultan issues from his palace, amid the thunder of salvos of artillery, fired both by the land batteries and by the war-ships lying near the city. His Majesty goes to the old Palace of Top Capou, where are assembled the Ministers and the great personages of the Turkish realm, all in their most splendid uniforms. There the Sultan mounts on horseback, and, preceded by the whole of this brilliant escort, all handsomely mounted, he proceeds to the Mosque. All the troops composing the garrison have turned out, and hedge about his divinity as he passes onward. On his return to Top Capou the kissing of hands takes place; and afterwards his Majesty re-enters the Palace, where are held the receptions of the constituted bodies of the State. On the second day of Beïram commences the exchange of visits between the Turkish functionaries of every rank, who express their mutual felicitations; and this lasts till the end of the feast, often even continuing for two or three days longer.

WINTER ASPECT OF NIAGARA FALLS.

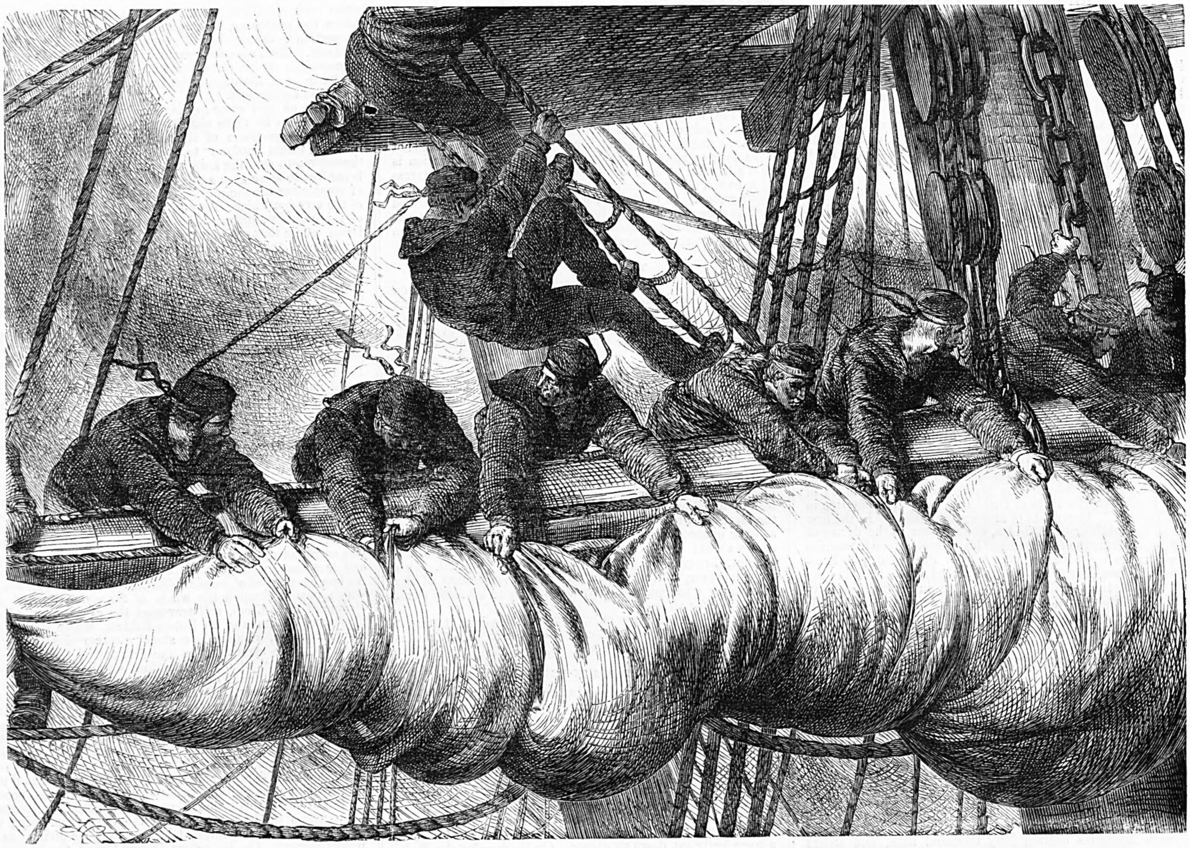
Notwithstanding the velocity of the Niagara river above the Fall, its width, and its turbulence below, a bridge of ice usually forms in the winter time by a peculiar process characteristic of the locality. The ice above the cataract is solid, and, as it were, of legitimate freezing. That which forms below is very different in character, being the accumulation of spray, which, by the time it reaches the level below, is subdivided to the fineness of minute dust. Out of this feathery material is built a gradual structure, which, widening out from the jagged rocks of either shore as a base, in every capricious and fantastic form conceivable, ultimately covers the entire river, and attains a solidity which is safe for the foot of man. Under this fantastic bridge the eternal river races and roars; and the Canadian and American shores, usually separated by the most impracticable of chasms, become firmly welded together.

RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL IN ANAM.

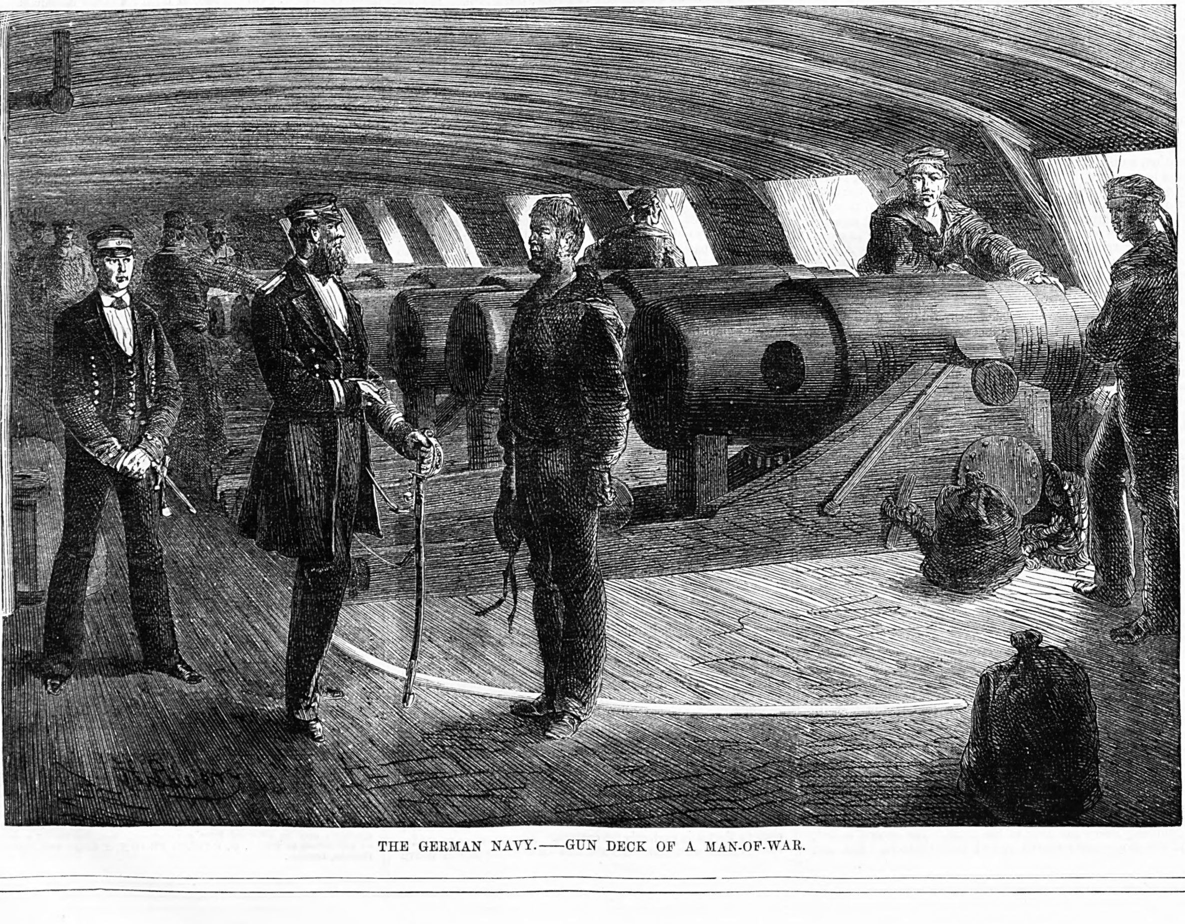
The people of Anam, like those of India and China, depend almost entirely on rice for their nourishment. It is the staple crop, and a general or partial failure entails the greatest misery, often a famine that sweeps off thousands. When a drought sets in, all Anam is moved, and heaven is besieged with sincere prayers for rain. The mode of propitiating heaven is, however, peculiar. A great festival is instituted in honour of the gods, which lasts a whole day and night. By day, the main feature is a boat-race between very long periguas, each holding some forty men, and adorned, stem and stern, with monstrous carved heads. They are decorated with red and white banners, and carry gongs, which the rowers beat from time to time to produce the most deafening sounds. Bad as this is, they heighten the din by fearful howls and yells. The winning boat has a danger not permitted in our races. Those behind are permitted to upset the winning boat if they cannot pass it, and they use the permission without scruple. To avoid these collisions, the boats cross and re-cross, giving the scene the appearance of a fantastic dance. Some are sure to go over; but lives are seldom lost, as the Anamites swim well.

In the evening takes place a *hacboy*, or dramatic entertainment, represented in our engraving. Their dramas are always of the old, heroic days of demi-gods and ancient kings, with an orchestra almost as bad as the yells and gongs of the boat-race. When the rain comes pouring down, making the rice-lands the marsh required for the growth of that grain, they deem the gods propitiated by their offering in the shape of regatta and drama.

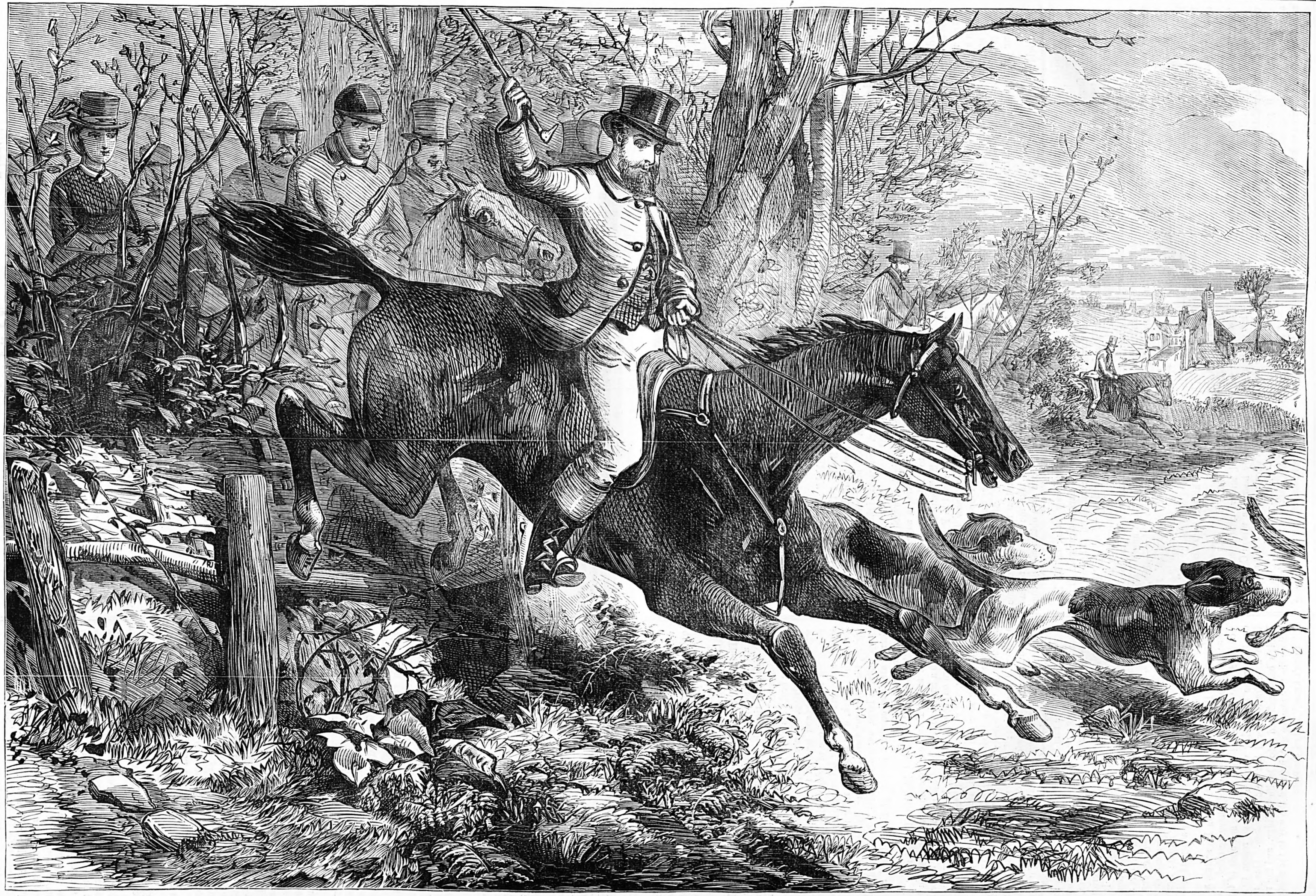
Epilepsy or Fits.—A sure cure for this distressing complaint is now made known in a Treatise (of 48 octavo pages) on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by PROF. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any chemist. Sent free to any address on application to PROF. O. PHELPS BROWN, 2, King-street, Covent-Garden, London.



THE GERMAN NAVY.—SAILORS REEFING.



THE GERMAN NAVY.—GUN DECK OF A MAN-OF-WAR.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH THE BELVOIR HUNT.

BUFFLE

How he came by his name no one could tell. In the early days of the gold fever there came to California a great many men who did not volunteer their names; and as those about them had been equally reticent on their own advent, they asked few questions of the new-comers.

New-comers were usually designated at first by some peculiarity of person or dress, and were hailed at once as "Broken Nose," "Pink Shirt," "Cross Bars," "Gone Ears;" and if afterwards any man developed some peculiarity of character, an observing and original miner would coin and apply a new name, which would be accepted as irrevocably as one conferred by the sacred rite of baptism.

No one wondered that Buffle never divulged his real name or talked of his past life; for in the mines he had such a happy faculty of winning at cards, getting new horses without visible bills of sale, taking drinks beyond ordinary power of computation, stabbing and shooting, that it was only reasonable to suppose that he had acquired these abilities at the sacrifice of the peace of some other community. He was not vicious; yet wherever he went he was promptly acknowledged chief of that peculiar class which renders law and sheriffs necessary evils. He was not exactly a beauty, yet a connoisseur in manliness could have justly wished there were a dash of the Buffle blood in the well-regulated veins of many irreproachable characters in quieter neighbourhoods than Fat Pocket Gulch, where the scene of this story is located. He was tall, active, brave, prompt, and generous; and only those who have these qualities superadded to their own virtues are worthy to throw stones at his memory.

At the fashionable hour of two o'clock at night, Mr. Buffle was entertaining some friends at his residence; or, to use the language of the mines, "there was a game up to Buffle's." In a shanty of the composite order of architecture—it having a foundation of stone, succeeded by logs, a gable of coffin misfits and cracker-boxes, and a roof of bark and canvas—Buffle and three other miners were playing "old sledge." The table was an empty pork-barrel; the seats were respectively a block of wood, a stone, and a raisin-box, with a well-stuffed knapsack for the tallest man. On one side of the shanty was a low platform of hewn logs, which constituted the proprietor's couch when he slept; on another was the door; on the third were confusedly piled Buffle's culinary utensils; and on the fourth was a fireplace, whose defective draught had been the agent of the fine frescoing of soot perceptible on the ceiling. A single candle hung on a wire over the barrel, and afforded light auxiliary to that thrown out by the fireplace.

The game had been going largely in Buffle's favour, as was usually the case, when one of the opposition injudiciously played an ace, which was clearly from another pack of cards, inasmuch as Buffle, who had dealt, had the rightful ace in his own hand. As it was the ace of trumps, Buffle's indignation rose, and so did his person and pistol.

"Hang yer," said he, savagely, "yer don't come that game on me. I've got that ace myself."

An ordinary man would have drawn pistol also, but Buffle's antagonist knew his only safety lay in keeping quiet, so he only stared vacantly at the muzzle of the revolver that was so precisely aimed at his own head. The two other players had risen to their feet, and were mentally composing epitaphs for the victim, when there was heard a knock on the door.

"Come in!" roared Buffle's partner, who was naturally the least excited of the four. "Come in, hang yer, if yer life's insured."

The door opened slowly, and a woman entered.

Now, while there were but few women in the camp, the sight of a single woman was not at all unusual. Yet, as she raised her veil, Buffle's revolver fell from his hands, and the other players laid down their cards; the partner of the guilty man being so overcome as to lay down his hand face upward. Then they all stared, but not one of them spoke; they wanted to, but none knew how to do it. It was not usually difficult for any of them to address such specimens of the gentler sex as found their way to Fat Pocket Gulch, but they all understood at once that this was a different sort of woman. They looked reprovingly and beseechingly at each other, but the woman at last broke the silence by saying:

"I am sorry to disturb you, gentlemen, but I was told I could probably find Mr. Buffle here."

"Here he is, ma'm, and yours truly," said Buffle, removing his hat.

He could afford to. She seemed to be in trouble, and a troubled woman can command, to the death, even worse men than free-and-easy miners. She had a refined, pure face, out of which two great brown eyes looked so tenderly and anxiously, that these men forgot themselves at once. She seemed young, not more than twenty-three or four; she was slightly built, and dressed in a suit of plain black.

"Mr. Buffle," said she, "I was going to San Francisco, when I overheard the driver say that you knew more miners than any man in California—that you had been through the whole mining country."

"Well, mum," said Buffle, with a delighted but sheepish look, which would have become a missionary complimented on the number of converts he had made, "I *hev* been around a good deal, that's a fact."

"So I inferred from what the driver said," she replied, "and I came down here to ask you a question."

Here she looked uneasily at the other players. The man who stole the ace translated it at once, and said—

"We'll git out if yer say so, mum; but yer needn't be afraid to say ennything before us. We know a lady when we see her, an' mebbe some on us ken give yer a lift; ef we can't I've only got to say that ef yer let out enny secrets, grizzlies couldn't tear 'em out uv enny man in this crowd. Hey fellers?"

"You bet," was the firm response of the remaining two; and Buffle quickly passed a demijohn to the ace-thief, as a sign of forgiveness and approbation.

"Thank you, gentlemen—God bless you," said the woman, earnestly. "My story is soon told. I am looking for my husband, and I *must* find him. His name is Allan Berryn."

Buffle gazed thoughtfully in the fire, and remarked—

"Names ain't much good in this country, mum—no man kerries visitin' cards, an' mighty few gits letters. Mebbe yer could tell us somethin' else to put us on the trail of him?"

"He is of medium height, slightly built, has brown hair and eyes, and wears a plain gold ring on the third finger of his left hand," continued Mrs. Berryn. "I do not know how to describe him further—he had no scars, moles, or other peculiarities which might identify him, except," she continued, with a faint blush—a wife's blush, which strongly tempted Buffle to kneel and kiss the ground she stood on—"except a locket I once gave him, with my portrait, and which he always wore over his heart. I can't believe he would take it off," said she, with a sob that was followed by a flood of tears."

The men twisted on their seats, and showed every sign of uneasiness; one stepped outside to cough, another suddenly attacked the fire and poked it savagely; Buffle impolitely turned his back to the company, while the fourth man lost himself in the contemplation of the king of spades, which card ever afterwards showed in its centre a blotch which seemed the result of a drop of water. Finally Buffle broke the silence by saying:

"I'd give my last ounce, and my shootin'-iron besides, mum, ef I could put yer on his trail; but I can't remember no such man; ken you, fellers?"

Three melancholy nods replied in the negative.

"I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen," said Mrs. Berryn. "I will go back to the crossing and take the next stage. Perhaps, Mr. Buffle, if I send you my address when I reach San Francisco, you will let me know if you ever find any traces of him?"

"Depend upon all of us for that, mum," replied Buffle.

"Thank you," said she, and departed as suddenly as she had entered, leaving the men staring stupidly at each other.

"Wonder how she got here from the crossin'?" finally remarked one.

"Ef she came alone she's got a black ride back," said a another. "It's nigh onto fourteen miles to that crossin'."

"An' she ortent to be travellin' at all," said little Muggy, the smallest man of the party. "I'm a family man—or I wuz once—an' I tell yer she ort to be where she ken keep quiet, an' wait fur what's comin' soon."

"This game's up, boys," said Buffle, rising suddenly. "The stage don't reach the crossin' till noon, an' she's goin' to hev this shanty to stay in till daylight, anyhow. You fellers had better git right away."

Saying which, Buffle hurried out to look for Mrs. Berryn. He soon overtook her, and awkwardly said—

"Yer don't need to start till after daylight to reach that stage, mum, an' you'd better come back an' rest yerself in my shanty till mornin'. Ye'll hev the cabin all to yerself, an' I'll leave a revolver with yer to make yer feel better."

"You are very kind, sir, but—it will take me some time to get back."

"Horse lame, p'r'aps?"

"No, sir; the truth is, I walked."

"Good God!" ejaculated Buffle. "I'll kill any scoundrel of a station-agent that'll let a woman take such a walk as this I'll take you back on a good horse before noon to-morrow and I'll put a hole through that rascal right before your eyes mum."

Mrs. Berryn shuddered, at sight of which Buffle mentally consigned his eyes to a locality boasting a superheated atmosphere, for talking so roughly to a lady.

"Don't harm him, Mr. Buffle," said she. "He knew nothing about it. I asked him the road to Fat Pocket Gulch, and he pointed it out. He did not know but what I had a horse or a carriage. Unfortunately, the stage was robbed the day before yesterday, and all my money was taken, or I should not have walked here, I assure you. My passage is paid to San Francisco, and the driver told me that if I wished to come down here, the next stage would take me through to San Francisco. When I get there, I can soon obtain money from the East."

"Madame," said Buffle, unconsciously taking off his hat, "any lady that'll make that walk by dark is clear gold all the way down to bed-rock. Ef yer husband's in California, I'll find him fur yer, in spite of man or devil—*I* will, an' I'll be on the trail in half-an-hour. An' you'd better stay here till I come back, or send ye word. I don't want to brag, but thar ain't a man in the Gulch that'll dare to molest anythin' aroun' *my* shanty,' an' as thar's plenty of pervisions thar—plain, but good—yer can't suffer. The spring is close by, an' you'll allers find firewood by the door. An' ef yer want help about anythin', ask the fust man yer see, and say I told ye to."

Mrs. Berryn looked earnestly into his face for a moment, and then trusted him.

"Mr. Buffle," she said, "he is the best man that ever lived. But we were both proud, and we quarrelled, and he left me in anger. I accidentally heard he was in California. If you see him, tell him I was wrong, and that I will die if he does not come back. Tell him—tell him—that."

"Never mind, mum," said Buffle, leading her hastily towards the shanty, and talking with unusual rapidity. "I'll bring him back all right ef I find him; an' find him I will, ef he's on top of the ground."

They entered the cabin, and Buffle was rather astonished at the appearance of his own home. The men were gone, but on the bare logs where Buffle usually reposed they had spread their coats neatly, and covered them with a blanket which little Muggy usually wore. The cards had disappeared, and in their place lay a very small fragment of looking-glass; the demijohn stood in its accustomed place, but against it leaned a large chip, on which was scrawled, in charcoal, the word *Worter*.

"Good," said Buffle, approvingly. "Now, mum, keep up yer heart. I tell yer I'll fetch him, an' any man at the Gulch ken tell yer thet lyin' ain't my gait."

Buffle slammed the door, called at two or three other shanties, and gave orders in a style befitting a feudal lord, and in ten minutes was on horseback, galloping furiously out on the trail to Green Flat. The Green Flatites wondered at finding the great man among them, and treated him with the most painful civility. As he neither hung about the saloon, "got up" a game, nor provoked a horse-trade, it was immediately surmised that he was looking for some one, and each man searchingly questioned his trembling memory whether he had ever done Buffle an injury. All preserved a respectful silence as Buffle walked from claim to claim, carefully scrutinizing many, and all breathed freer as they saw him and his horse disappear over the hill on the Sonora trail.

At Sonora he considered it wise to stay over Sunday—not to enjoy religious privileges, but because on Sunday sinners from all the country round flocked into Sonora, to commune with its spirits, infernal rather than celestial. He made the tour of all the saloons, dashed eagerly at two or three men with plain gold rings on left forefingers, disgustedly found them the wrong men beyond doubt, cursed them, and invited them to drink. Then he closely catechised all the bar-keepers, who were the only reliable directories in that country; they were anxious to oblige him, but none could remember such a man. So Buffle took his horse, and sought his man elsewhere.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Berryn remained in camp, where she was cared for in a manner which called out her astonishment equally with her gratitude. Buffle was hardly well out of the Gulch when Mrs. Berryn heard a knock at the door; she opened it, and a man handed her a frying-pan, with the remark, "Buffle's is cracked," and hastily disappeared. In the morning she was awakened by a crash outside the door, and on looking out discovered a quantity of firewood ready-cut; each morning thereafter found in the same place a fresh supply, which was usually decorated with offerings of different degrees of appropriateness—pieces of fresh meat, string of dried ditto, blankets enough for a large hotel, little packages of gold-dust, case knives and forks, cans of salt butter, and all sorts of provisions in quantity.

Each man in camp fondly believed his own particular revolver was better than any other, and, as a natural consequence, the camp became almost peaceful, by reason of the number of pistols that were left in front of Mrs. Berryn's door. But she carefully let them alone, and when this was discovered the boys sorrowfully removed them.

Then old Griff, living up the Gulch, with a horrible bulldog for a companion, brought his darling animal down late one dark night, and tied him near the lady's residence, where he discoursed sweet sounds for two hours, until, to Mrs. Berryn's delight, he broke his chain, and returned to his old home.

Then Sandytop, the ace-thief, suddenly left camp. Many were the surmises and bets on the subject; and on the third day, when two men, one of whom believed he had gone to steal a mule, and the other believing he had rolled into the creek while drunk, were about to refer the whole matter to pistols, they were surprised at seeing Sandytop stagger into camp, under a large, unsightly bundle. The next day Mrs. Berryn ate from crockery instead of tin, and had a china wash-bowl and pitcher.

Little Muggy, who sold out his claim the day after Buffle left, went to San Francisco, but reappeared in camp in a few days with a large bundle, a handsaw, and a plane. Some light was thrown on the contents of the bundle by sundry scraps of linen, cotton, and very soft flannel, that the wind occasionally blew from the direction of Mrs. Berryn's abode; but why Muggy suddenly needed a very large window in the only boarded side of his house; why he never staked another claim and went to "washing;" why his door always had to be unlocked from the inside before any one could get in, instead of being ajar, as was the usual custom with doors at Fat Pocket Gulch; why visitors always found the floor strewn with shavings and blocks, but were told to mind their business if they asked what he was making; and why Uppercrust, an aristocratic young reprobate, who had been a doctor in the States, had suddenly taken up his abode with Muggy, were mysteries unsolvable by the united intellects of Fat Pocket Gulch. It was finally suggested by some one, that, as Muggy had often and fluently cursed the "rockers" who used to wash out dirt along the Gulch, it was likely enough he was inventing a new one, and the ex-doctor, who, of course, knew something about chemistry, was helping him to work an amalgamator into it; a careful comparison of bets showed this to be a fairly accepted opinion, and so the matter rested.

Meanwhile, Buffle had been untiring in his search, as his horse, could he have spoken, would have testified. Men wondered what Berryn had done to Buffle, and odds of ten to one that some undertaker would soon have reason to bless Buffle were freely offered but seldom taken. One night Buffle's horse galloped into Deadluck Ridge, and the rider, hailing the first man he met, inquired the way to the saloon.

"I don't know," replied the man.

"Come, no foolin' thar," said Buffle, indignantly.

"I don't know, I tell you—I don't drink."

"Hang yer!" roared Buffle, in honest fury, at what seemed to him the most stupendous lie ever told by a miner, "I'll teach yer to lie to me." And out came Buffle's pistol.

The man saw his danger, and, springing at Buffle with the agility of a cat, snatched the pistol and threw it on the ground; in an instant Buffle's hand had firmly grasped the man by his shirt-collar, and, the horse taking fright, Buffle, a second later, found in his hand a torn piece of red flannel, a chain, and a locket, while the man lay on the ground.

"At last!" exclaimed Buffle, convinced that he had found his man; but his emotions were quickly cooled by the man in the road, who, jumping from the ground, picked up Buffle's pistol, cocked and aimed it, and spoke in a grating voice, as if through set teeth:

"Give back that locket this second, or, as God lives, I'll take it out of a dead man's hand."

The rapidity of human thought is never so beautifully illustrated as when the owner of a human mind is serving involuntarily as a target.

"My friend," said Buffle, "ef I've got anything uv yourn, yer ken hev it on provin' property. We'll go to whar that fust light is up above—I'll walk the hoss slow, an' yer ken keep me covered with the pistol; ain't that fair?"

The trip was not more than two minutes in length, but it seemed a good hour to Buffle, whose acquaintanceship with the delicacy of the trigger of his beloved pistol caused his past life to pass in retrospect before him several times before they reached the light. The light proved to be in the saloon whose locality had provoked the quarrel. The saloon was full, the door was open, and there was a buzz of astonishment, which culminated in a volley of ejaculations, in which strength predominated over elegance, as a large man, followed closely by a small man with a cocked pistol, marched up to the bar.

"Gentlemen," said Buffle, "this feller sez I've got some uv his property, an' he's come here to prove it. Now, feller, wot's your claim?"

"A chain and locket," said the man; "hang you, I see them in your hand now."

"Ennybody ken see a chain an' locket in my hand," said Buffle, "but that don't make it yourn."

"The locket contains the portrait of a lady, and the inscription 'Frances to Allan'—look quick, or I'll shoot!" said the little man, savagely.

Buffle opened it, and saw Mrs. Berryn's portrait.

"Mister, yer right," said he; "here's your property, an' I'll apologize, er drink, er fight—er apologize, *an'* drink, *an'* fight, whichever is your style. Fust, however, ef ye'll drop that pistol, I'll drink myself, considerin'—never mind. Denominate yer pizen, gentlemen,"—said he, as the audience crowded to the bar.

Then he laid his hand on Berryn's shoulder, and said, "What the deuce are yer doin' here, when yer know a lady like that?"

"Suffering hell for abusing heaven," replied Berryn, passionately.

"Then why don't yer go back?" inquired Buffle.

"Because I've got no money; all luck has failed me since I left home—shipwreck, hunger, poverty—"

"Come back a minute," interrupted Buffle. "I forgot to come down with the dust fur the drinks. Now, I tell yer what—I want yer to go back to my camp; I've got plenty uv gold, an' it's no good to me only fur gamblin' an' drinkin'; yer welcome to enough uv it to git yerself home, an' git on yer feet when yer git thar."

Berryn looked doubtingly at him.

"P'r'aps somebody here ken tell this gentleman my name?" said Buffle.

"Buffle," said several voices in chorus.

"Bully! Now, p'r'aps you same fellers ken tell him ef I'm a man uv my word?"

"You bet," responded the same chorus.

"An' now, p'r'aps some uv yer'll sell me a good hoss, pervidin' yer don't want him stole mighty sudden?"

Several men invited attention to their respective animals, tied near the door. Promptly selecting one, paying for it, and settling with the bar-keeper, and mounting his own horse, while Berryn mounted the new one, the two men galloped away, leaving the bystanders lost in astonishment, from which they only recovered after almost superhuman industry on the part of the bar-keeper.

One evening, when the daily labour and household cares of the Fat Pocket Gulchites had ended, the residents of that quiet village were congregated, as usual, at the saloon. It was too early for gambling or fighting, and the boys chatted peacefully, pausing only a few times to drink "Here's her," which had become the standard toast of the Gulch. Conversation turned on Muggy's invention, and a few bets were exchanged, which showed the boys were not quite sure it was a rocker, after all. Suddenly Sandytop, who had been leaning against the door-frame, and looking in the direction of Buffle's old cabin, ejaculated.

"'Tis a rocker, boys—it's a rocker, but—but not that kind."

The boys poured out the door, and saw an unusual procession approaching Mrs. Berryn's cabin. First came Uppercrust, the young ex-doctor, then an Irishwoman from a neighbouring settlement, and then Muggy, bearing a baby's cradle, neatly made of pine-boards The doctor and woman went in, and Muggy, dropping the cradle, ran at full speed to the saloon, and up to the bar, the crowd following.

Muggy looked along the line, saw all the glasses were filled and in hand, and then, raising his own, exclaimed, huskily, "Here's her boys!" and then went into a fully-developed boo-hoo. And he was not alone; for once the boys watered their liquor, and purer water God never made.

It was some moments before shirt-sleeves ceased to officiate as handkerchiefs; but just as the boys commenced to look savagely at each other, as if threatening cold lead if any one suspected undue tenderness, Sandytop, who had returned to his post at the door to give ease to the stream which his sleeve could not stanch, again startled the crowd by staring earnestly toward the hill over which led the trail, and exclaiming, "Good God!"

There was another rush to the door, and there, galloping down the trail, was Buffle and another man. The boys stared at each other, but said nothing—their gift of swearing was not equal to the occasion. Steadily they stared at the two men, until Buffle, reining back a little, pointed his pistol threateningly. They took the hint, and after they were all inside, Sandytop closed the door and the shutters of the unglazed windows.

"Thar's my shanty," said Buffle, as they neared it from one side; "that one with two bar'ls fur a chimley. You jest go right in. I'll be thar ez soon ez I put up the hosses."

As they reached the front, both men started at the sight of the cradle.

"Why, I didn't know you were a married man, Buffle?" said his companion.

"I—well—I—I don't tell everythin'," stammered Buffle; and, catching the bridle of Berryn's horse the moment his rider had dismounted, Buffle dashed off to the saloon, and took numerous solitary drinks, at which no one took offence. Then he turned, nodded significantly towards the old shanty, and said—

"How long since?"

"Not quite yit—yer got him here in time, Buffle," said Muggy.

"Thank the Lord!" said Buffle. His lips were very familiar with the name of the Lord, but they had never before used it in this sense.

Then, while, several men were getting ready to ask Buffle where he found his man—Californians never ask questions in a hurry—there came from the direction of Buffle's shanty the sound of a subdued cry.

"Gentlemen," said the bar-keeper, "there's no more drinkin' at this bar to night, until—until I say so."

No one murmured. No one swore. No one suggested a game. An old enemy of Bullie's happened to come in, but that worthy, instead of feeling for his pistol, quietly left his leaning-post, and bowed his enemy into it. The boys stood and sat about, studied the cracks in the floor, the pattern of the shutters, contemplated the insides of their hats, and chewed tobacco as their lives depended on it.

Buffle made frequent trips to the door, and looked out. Suddenly he closed the door, and had barely time to whisper, "No noise now, or I'll shoot," when the doctor walked in. The crowd arose.

"It's all right, gentlemen," said the doctor—"as fine a boy as I ever saw."

"My treat for the rest of the evening, boys," said the bar-keeper, hurriedly crowding glasses and bottles on the bar. "Her," "Him," "Him, Junior," "Buffle," "Doc.," and "Old Rockershop," as some happily inspired miner dubbed little Muggy, were drunk successively.

The door opened again, and in walked Allan Berryn. Glancing quickly about, he soon distinguished Buffle. He grasped his hand, looked him steadily in the eye, and exclaimed—

"Buffle, you——"

He was a Harvard graduate, and a fine talker, was Allan Berryn, but when he had spoken two words he somehow forgot the remainder of his speech he had made up on his way over; his silence for two or three seconds seemed of hours to every man who looked on his face, so that it was a relief to all when he gave Buffle a mighty hug, and then precipitately retreated.

Buffle looked sheepish, and shook himself.

"That feller can outhug a grizzly," said he. "Boys," he continued, "that chap's been buckin' agin luck sence he's been in the diggin's, an' is clean busted. But his luck begun to turn this evening, an' here's what goes for keepin' the ball a-rollin'. Here's my ante;" saying which, he laid his old hat on the bar, took out his buckskin bag of gold-dust, and emptied it into the hat.

Bags came out of pockets all around, and were either entirely emptied, or had their contents largely diminished by knife-blades, which cooped out the precious dust, and dropped it into the hat.

"There," said Buffle, looking into the hat, "I reckon that'll kerry 'em back to their folks."

For a fortnight the saloon was as quiet as a well-ordered prayer-meeting, and it was solemnly decided that no fight with pistols should take place nearer than The Bend, which was at least a mile from where the new resident's cradle was located.

One pleasant, quiet evening, Buffle, who frequently passed an hour with Berryn on the latter's woodpile, was seen approaching the saloon with a very small bundle, which, nevertheless, occupied both his arms and all his attention.

"It is, by thunder!" said some one. So it was; a wee, pink-faced, blue-eyed, fuzzy-topped little thing, with one hand frantically clutching three hairs of Buffle's beard.

"See the little thing pull," said one.

"Is that all the nose they hev at fust?" asked another.

"Can't yer take them pipes out uv yer mouths when the baby's aroun'?" indignantly demanded another.

Little Muggy edged his way through the crowd, threw away his quid of tobacco, took the baby from Buffle, and kissed it a dozen times.

"I'm goin' home, fellers," said Muggy, finally. "I'm wanted by the lawyers for cuttin' a man that sassed me while I was shoe-makin'. But I'm a-goin' to see my young uns, even if all creation wants me."

"An' I'm goin', too," said Buffle. "I'm wanted pretty bad by some that's East, but I reckon I'm well enough hid by the bar that's grow'd sence I wuz a boy. I've had a new taste of decency lately, an' I'm goin' to see ef I can't stan' it for a stiddy diet. The chap over to the shanty sez he ken git me somethin' to do, an' ennythin's better'n gamblin', drinkin', an' fightin'."

"It's agin the law to kerry shootin'-irons there, Buffle," suggested one.

"Yes, an' they got a new kind uv a law there, to keep a man from takin' his bitters," said another.

"Yes," said Buffle, "all that's mighty tough, but ef a feller's bound fur bed-rock, he might ez well git that all uv a sudden, ef he ken."

Buffle started towards the door, stopped as if he had something else to say, started again, hesitated, feigned indignation at the baby, flushed the least bit, opened the door, partly closed it again, squeezed himself out, and displaying only the tip of his nose, roared:

"This baby's name is Allan Buffle Berryn—Allan *Buffle* Berryn!" and then rushed at full speed to leave the baby at home, while the boys clinked glasses melodiously.

At the end of another fortnight there was a procession formed at Fat Pocket Gulch; two horses, one wearing a side-saddle, were brought to the door of Buffle's old house, and Mrs. Berryn and her husband mounted them; they were soon joined by Buffle and Muggy.

Four months after there was mourning far and wide among owners of mules and horses, for each Gulchite had been out stealing, that he might ride with the escort which was to see the Berryns safely to the crossing. An advance-guard was sent ahead, and the party were about to start, when Buffle suddenly dismounted, and entered his old cabin; when he reappeared, a cloud of smoke followed him.

"Thar," said he, a moment later, as flames were seen bursting through the roof, "no galoot uv a miner don't live in that shanty after that. Git."

Away galloped the party, the baby in the arms of its father. The crossing was safely reached, the stage had room for the whole party, and, after a hearty hand-shaking all round, the stage started. Sandytop threw one of his only two shoes after it for luck.

As the stage was disappearing around a bend, a little way from the crossing, the back curtain was suddenly thrown up, a baby, backed by a white hat and yellow beard, was seen, and a familiar voice was heard to roar. "Allan *Buffle* Berryn."

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LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Nearly 50,000 pounds of old type have already been sent in for the Greeley Monument.

An anti-Mormon paper is to be started in Utah by Washington capitalists.

An Ohino poet has ground out a poemlet of 36 stanzas "To the Memory of Edwin Sir Bulwer Litten."

Professor Tyndall's American lectures will shortly be published here.

George Sand's new story is called "Le Château de Pictordu."

An exhibition of historical pictures of the siege of Paris will shortly be opened at Versailles.

No addition to the National Gallery was made by purchase last year.

The annual festival in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund will be presided over by Mr. Froude.

The sale of the paintings of the artist Anastasi, who last year became suddenly blind, has just taken place at the Hotel Drouot, and produced 52,500f.

A leading morning contemporary quoted the other day Bingham's celebrated work, "The Antiquities of the Christian Church," as Bingham's Iniquities of the Christian Church."

Messrs. Longmans have now nearly ready a new work by Lord Dunsany, entitled, "Gaul or Teuton? Consideration as to our Allies of the Future."

The Parisian sculptor Carpeaux is going to sell a number of his works in bronze, terra-cotta, and marble at the Hôtel Drouot next week.

M. Victor Hugo is now completing, at Guernsey, his long-promised novel, called "Quatrevingt-treize," the scene of which is laid in the second period of the French Revolution.

It is said that the late Dr. Guthrie left an unfinished autobiography, which, however, seems to have been to a certain extent completed down to the time of the Disruption.

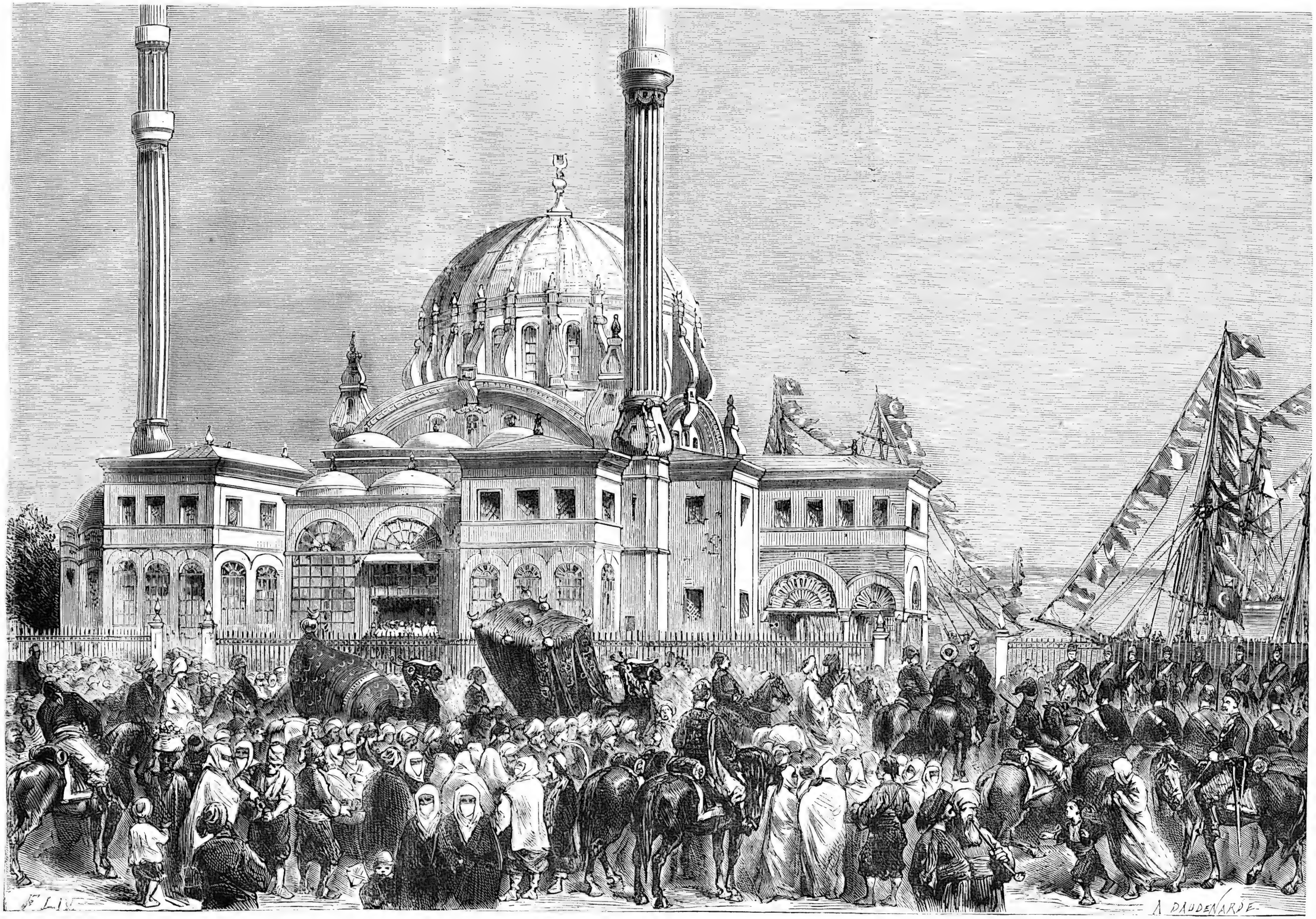
Professor of Theology Sabatier, having cast some aspersions on the women of Germany in two lectures at Bischwiller, received orders to leave Alsace within forty-eight hours.

Lord Russell has nearly ready for publication "Essays on the Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe, from the Reign of Tiberius to the end of the Council of Trent."

At a picture sale in London on Saturday last, a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Mrs. Morris, in a white dress with crimson robe trimmed with ermine, and feathers in the hair, engraved and mentioned in the "Life of Reynolds" and "Cotton's Catalogue," fetched £3,622. 10s.

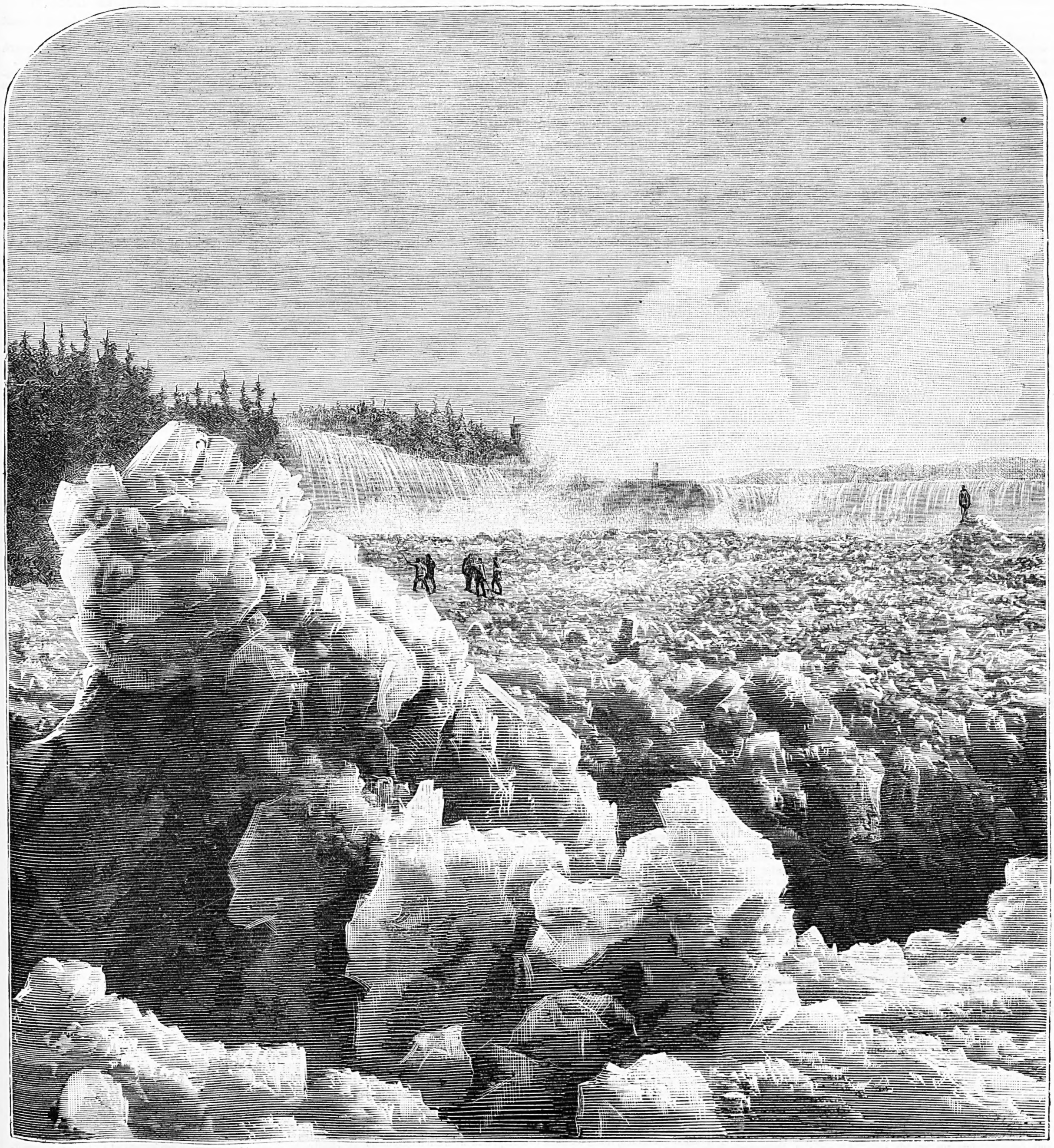
The French Government are going to send sixty-three pictures out of the Luxembourg to the Vienna Exhibition. Amongst them are Henri Regnault's "Moorish Execution," his equestrian portrait of Marshal Prim, and Bertrand's "Virginia Drowned," pictures well known in England.

What is one of the Pharaoh's priests worth at the present day? We can help to answer the question. On Wednesday the mummies of Medino and Anachmuth, a priest and priestess, presented by Mehemet Ali to the Duke de Puckler Muskau, were sold in London for sixty-eight guineas.



A DAUDENARDE

THE GREAT FEAST OF BAIRAM AT CONSTANTINOPLE.



WINTER ASPECT OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE GREAT FORGERIES.

Though up to the present no more arrests have been made the investigations by the detective department of the City Police have not been altogether fruitless. What was from the first suspected—namely, that this deeply-laid scheme of forgeries was not the work of a single man—has been amply verified, and at the present moment two more men in addition to Warren, for whose apprehension a reward of £500 was offered for more than a week ago, are "wanted" by Inspector Bailey on the same charge. In addition to the *alias* of C. J. Horton, which he was already known to have possessed, it now appears that Warren has been "financing" very extensively under the names of Austin, Bidwell, Pierce, Frederick Albrecht, Walker, and Nelson. Warren, is described as of "rough" and American speech, 30 to 35 years of age, but looking older, very thin and bony, with dark whiskers and moustache, hair black and wavy, with eyes sunken and glassy, and showing his teeth. His confederates are George M'Donnell and George Bidwell. The former is a young man, of thirty, tall, like his chief, and speaking also with a slight American accent. He is a linguist, being able to converse in French, German, and Italian, and he has physical peculiarities which favour identification. George Bidwell is described as a man of forty or forty-two, of middle height, with black hair, sunken eyes, and sallow complexion—a description, though nothing is said of accent, favouring the idea that he also is an American. Warrants are out for all of these, with a reward of £500 for each. It is believed that this large sum may not be without its effect in inducing some one to give the information which the police require. At any rate such effectual measures have been taken to guard every seaport, that an attempt to leave the country would be pretty sure to be followed by capture. It is now found that these clever individuals have not confined their attentions to the Bank of England, but that private firms and a Birmingham bank will be sufferers to at least an equal extent, the whole amount of their operations being about £200,000.

It is supposed, according to the latest account, that Warren is in hiding somewhere in Ireland, and several detectives have proceeded thither in search of him.

The coolness and audacity shown by Warren or Horton in his forgeries on the Bank of England found a parallel during the last century in the case of Ryland the engraver, who was executed for that crime in 1783. An instance of this self-command and presence of mind occurred at the India House, when he presented his forged bond for payment for the sum of three or four thousand pounds, on a large piece of paper, one face of which was nearly covered with signatures. The cashier, on receiving the document, examined it carefully and referred to the ledger; then comparing the date, he observed, "Here is a mistake, sir; the bond as entered does not become due until to-morrow." Ryland, begging permission to look at the book, on its being handed to him, observed—"So I perceive—there must be an error in your entry of one day," and offered to leave the bond, not betraying the least disappointment or surprise. The mistake appearing to the cashier to be obviously an error in his office, the bond was paid to Ryland, who departed with the money. The next day the true bond was presented, when the forgery was discovered of course, and within a few hours after the fraud was made public, and steps were taken for the discovery of the perpetrator.

Before a member has finished his speech in the House of Commons, the greater part of it is of late not only written out, but actually in type in more than one newspaper office. It was the case in particular with Mr. Gladstone's Education oration, and had he wished to know what he said a yard back, while he was speaking, he would at once have been supplied with the means of reference.

It is reported that an attempt was made last week to set fire to the Mechanics' Hall, Nottingham, while a meeting was being held there. A reward is offered for such evidence as will lead to the conviction of the guilty person.

AT THE THEATRES.

GAIETY.

On Saturday morning last a crowded audience gave the warmest welcome to Mr. J. L. Toole, on the occasion of his assuming a new character, affording him the opportunity of some little display as a conjuror as well as a comedian. "The Wizard of the Wilderness," as the sketchy trifle is called, is of the slightest dramatic texture. A chemist, who, smitten with the fascinations of a noted magical repository in New Oxford-street, expends his gains, and neglects his business, in purchasing and practising all the newest conjuring tricks, flits from home to avoid the remonstrances of his wife, and, accompanied by his errand-boy, makes his first professional appearance as a wizard at the Town Hall of a country town. Having exhibited a series of illusions, giving the spectators an opportunity of admiring the expertness of his sleight of hand, and the ingenuity of his apparatus, the fugitive shopkeeper is astounded himself by the unexpected appearance of his enraged wife under the basket-extinguisher when he is performing his great feat of the "Vanishing Boy in Buttons." On the humour of the chief actor, and the hold he has of the public, the author of the sketch has entirely depended.

HAYMARKET.

The incidents of "His Own Enemy," produced here on Saturday last, cannot boast of novelty. Whymper, a young gentleman of fortune, living on an estate in Chalkshire, has not been married many months when he discovers that the so-called rosy fetters are extremely irksome. The delights of a home in the country, all very well in their way, are nothing in comparison with "life about town." At length, goaded to desperation by some reminiscences of the halycon days when he did exactly as he liked, he determines to gratify his inclinations, coolly telling Mabel, his wife, that she can make her time pass swiftly enough in the society of friends of both sexes. His wife's brother, Captain Cameron, whom he has not yet seen, has had the misfortune to kill his major in a duel at Boulogne, and, fearing the desecrating touch of a police-officer, and other horrible things, seeks refuge in the house and sees Mabel. A meeting under such circumstances naturally gives rise to a practical display of sisterly affection, which Whymper happens to witness. An important change in the mind of that individual is the result. Excited by jealousy—a weakness from which he imagined himself entirely free when he spoke of "friends of both sexes"—he finds that, after all, Mabel is far dearer to him than single blessedness and its advantages. He thinks of a divorce, prepares to shoot his fancied rival, and otherwise shows that the blow has struck home. The misapprehension is not cleared up at once, for Whymper does not think it worth while to listen to any explanation, and the Captain, remembering that his brother-in-law has expressed a decided abhorrence of duelling, holds his peace. A "situation" is presented when, to give the Captain an opportunity of escaping from the officers of justice, who now appear on the scene, Mabel says that Whymper is the fugitive. Directly afterwards, however, a telegram arrives to say that the Major who fell at Boulogne is alive, when the truth comes out, and the curtain falls, Whymper having been rendered a better and a wiser man.

DRURY LANE.

In the autumn of 1833 the celebrated Robert William Elliston, then manager of Drury Lane Theatre, brought out at that house "a grand romantic melodrama," as it was not inappropriately described, written by W. T. Moncrieff, and bearing the imposing title of "The Cataract of the Ganges; or, the Rajah's Daughter." With the avowed purpose of "testing whether what drew our ancestors into Drury-lane by thousands in 1823 will be equally attractive in 1873," this famous melodrama of "The Cataract of the Ganges" was revived on Monday night, in the presence of a crowded audience, by whom it was received with enthusiastic acclamations. Regarded from a purely literary point of view, the play, like most others from the same prolific pen, has little to recommend it, yet the piece displays constructive skill of no mean order, as well as considerable ability in the art of comic characterization. The personages, however ridiculous at times, have qualities that awaken interest; the incidents, however, extravagant, are not unfrequently diverting; and a cleverly constructed story is lucidly conducted through intricate deviations to a prosperous and impressive issue. Trashy as the piece occasionally is, both in sentiment and diction, it is not a jot more so than many "sensational" dramas of the present day which have acquired still greater popularity; and, be its fults what they may, it may well be doubted whether any of our modern bulesques will present so reputable an appearance, or contain so little to provoke honest censure, on being disinterred from ignoble oblivion a half century hence. The plot is founded upon a barbarous practice formerly prevalent among the Johrejahs, a tribe of Guzerat, in India, of uniformly murdering all their female children, the contingent inconvenience being obviated by marriage with another tribe. Disregarding the inhuman law of his country, the Rajah had preserved his daughter Zamine, and brought her up as his son. Akbar, the Emperor of Delhi, between whom and the Rajah a dreadful war had raged, endeavours, with the assistance of a designing Brahmin, to establish peace by getting his daughter, Dessa, married to the supposed prince. This obliges the Rajah to declare the truth, and he is forced to yield his child as a victim to the outraged dignity of the Hindoo law. An English officer, Mordaunt, who has a laughable serving-man named Jack Robinson, prevails upon the Rajah to abrogate the dreadful custom of female infanticide, and to claim his daughter in spite of the fierce opposition of the Grand Brahmin, who, after having, of course, proferred her his love, which she, equally of course, rejects, hurries her to execution. At the moment when Zamine is about to be laid upon the funeral pile in the sacred wood of Himalaya, her father, at the head of his troops, assisted by the British officer, and her lover Iran, rushes forward, and saves her. Under what circumstances of romantic adventure and heroic conflict this tremendous feat is accomplished may be best inferred from a perusal of the stage directions:—"Zamine rushes into Iran's arms. The burning trees fall on all sides, and discover the terrific cataract of Gangotri, supposed to form the source of the Ganges. The Emperor's and the Brahmin's troops appear pouring down the rocky heights around the cataract in every direction. Zamine mounts the courser of Iran, and while he keeps the foe at bay, dashes safely up the cataract, amidst a volley of musketry from the enemy on the heights; the Rajah, Mordaunt, and Robinson enter at the head of the combined Mahratta and Johrejah army; the contest becomes general; horse and foot are engaged in all parts; Mokarra vainly endeavours to rally his forces, who are overpowered by the Rajah; Mokarra is killed by a pistol-shot from Robinson; Iran brings forward Zamine in safety; the Rajah joins their hands; and the curtain falls on the shouts of the conquerors."

COURT.

Let our readers imagine all the boldest caricatures of the comic papers, the sharpest sayings of the Conservative press, and the severest satire of the Opposition, converted into a play, and they may form some idea of "The Happy Land," by Messrs. F. Tomline and Gilbert à Beckett. The idea set forth in "The Wicked World" is maintained, the scene being laid in Fairyland. At the opening of the piece Ethais, Phyllon, and Lutin are absent on a visit to the "world," but they shortly return, somewhat "used up," though full of pleasant memories of chops and bottled stout, Cremorne and the Cancan, and other mundane delights. Selene and her sisters exhibiting much curiosity as to the ways of men, it is arranged that Ethais and his brethren shall return to earth and send back three representative Englishmen, in order that they may teach the fairies the blessings of "popular government." After some severe speculations on the part of Selene as to the reason of Britain's pre-eminence, the three actors return as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Ayrton. They explain how it is best for a nation always to pay rather than fight, how competitive examinations place the right men in the right places, and thereupon the fairies nominate to the Premiership one who resolves neither to fight or resign; another to control the Admiralty, because she knows nothing about ships; a third to the War-office, on account of her complete ignorance of military matters. Another, who in the examination declares that "twice two are three or five, according to circumstances," obtains the Chancellorship of the Exchequer; and another, who shows the utmost capacity for insolence and arrogance, becomes Commissioner of Works. A Cabinet Council is held, and the Fairy Queen asks, "Was the business very important?" She is told that the King of Bonny has put in a claim for the kingdom of Scotland. Thereupon, Mr. Lowe, in his character of a new-found Scot—bursts into the Highland fling, and it takes the most violent efforts of his colleagues to restrain and quiet him. The Highland fling being at length repressed, Mr. Gladstone proceeds to explain that there are "three courses"—the inevitable three courses—open to them in reference to the King of Bonny's claim—the first is to admit it; the second is to ask him to be kind enough to withdraw it; the third is to refer it to arbitration. The three Ministers then proceeded to sing a song with a chorus and breakdown dance at the end of each stave. The burden of Mr. Gladstone's stave was that the Ministers were willing to accept any amount of humiliation—"Here a snub, there a snub, everywhere a snub." The burden of Mr. Ayrton's song was that he is ready for any amount of squabble—"Here a row, there a row, everywhere a row." The burden of Mr. Lowe's melody was that anyhow he economises a halfpenny—"Here a save, there a save, everywhere a save." And then all three Ministers joined in singing—"Here a kick, there a kick, everywhere a kick." The whole wound up with an excited dance, in which the three Ministers passed through curious mazes with the fairies of the moon. Such an Administration naturally brings dishonour and disgrace upon fairyland, and the fairies are glad to get rid of everything and every one connected with it. Of the results to which this production has led an account will be found in another column. On the first night of representation, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh were present, and apparently highly relished seeing their mamma's advisers and privy councillors dancing can-cans, and performing similar antics.

ADELPHI.

Just now, when the power of the Lord Chamberlain over theatrical amusements has unexpectedly supplied a topic for discussion, the revival of the "Beggars' Opera" at the Adelphi, on Saturday night last may be regarded with especial interest, since in the history of the Licencer's Office this once universally popular work held a conspicuous place. The performance of this piece gave general satisfaction. The same cannot be said of a new melodrama by which it was followed. The "new and original" drama, entitled "A Double Marriage," proved to be a very bad American version of "The Double Marriage," by Mr. Charles Reade and M. Auguste Maquet, with which the new Queen's Theatre was opened by Mr. Alfred Wigan nearly six years ago. "A Double Marriage" deals with a sufficiently tragic incident to have admitted of some powerful and pathetic scenes. A husband, supposed to have died in a foreign prison, returns home to find his wife commemorating the first anniversary of her second marriage, and thus involves both in a dilemma from which death alone can extricate them. After charging his wife before a magistrate with bigamy, taking "his child" away from her, and attempting to fight a duel with his rival, he poisons himself, and uses the last moments of his life to join the hands of his unfortunate spouse to his handsome successor. The audience, however, after torturing the actors for about an hour and a half by a torrent of chaff that is heard to perfection only on such occasions, fairly damned the play, and with such emphasis that the management accepted the decision, and, through Mr. Shore, the stage manager, announced another entertainment for Monday evening.

ROYALTY.

The company at this pleasant little Thespian temple proceed from triumph to triumph. Sardou's "Ganaches," a piece, the success of which depends entirely upon skilful and distinctive portrayal of character, has been produced with well-deserved success. To criticise a work which occupied the attention of the first writers in Paris on its production some ten years back would be a ridiculous piece of supererogation; therefore we will content ourselves with just two words as to the style in which it is played. In England we are accustomed to two styles of acting: the commonest is one in which two or three leading characters are well played, and the incompetency of the rest of the company only rendered the more painfully apparent. The other is the style inaugurated in the Prince of Wales's, in which everything is toned down to a level mediocrity, pleasing, but tame. The company at the Royalty show us quite a new style of thing—namely, performances in which the smallest parts are entrusted to actors capable of playing up to their leaders. There is not a house in London in which acting, independently of all useless accessories, is seen to such advantage. Individual praise would only be invidious.

The Oxford Music-hall will once more open its doors on the 17th inst., being St. Patrick's Day. The hall has been entirely rebuilt, and many improvements have been made.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

There is a rumour that Lord Londesborough will become the lessee of St. James's Theatre after this season.

Herr Joachim is unable to play at a Philharmonic concert, as he is compelled to leave England at Easter, if not before.

Mr. George Rignold is rapidly approaching convalescence, and will be able, it is hoped, to make his reappearance this month.

The drama of "Gesù Christo" of M. Felix Govean, the representation of which was interdicted by order of the Italian Minister of the Interior, is about to be published by M. Savallo, bookseller, at Rome.

Concerning the "Arrah-na-Pogue" of Mrs. Boucicault, a Boston critic has been discovering that "the delicious humour of her race speaks from her elbows and ankles, as well as her lips and eyes."

The new theatre at Cumberland-gate, Regent's-park, will be opened on the 15th of April. It will be about equal in size to the Gaiety. A new extravaganza, by Mr. F. C. Burnand, will be produced on the first night.

We have much pleasure in announcing that the artists of the Comédie Française will, in all probability, revisit us this summer. Should their present plans prove practicable they will arrive in London about the middle of May.

M. Dorgomitschki, superintendent of the Imperial Russian theatres, has arrived in Paris, with the object of engaging a considerable number of young and pretty women for a fairy spectacle which is to be played at St. Petersburg, entitled "Moutchatt."

Mdlle. Dejazet is playing with great success at the Gymnase Theatre at Lyons. The writers in the Lyons journals seem lost in wonder at the wonderful effect produced by this extraordinary actress, now between seventy and eighty years of age.

The Lord Mayor desires to acknowledge the receipt of £50 from Mrs. Swanborough, the lessee of the Strand Theatre, being the proceeds of a special morning performance in aid of the sufferers by the loss of the *Northfleet*. The whole of the performers gave their services gratuitously.

A proposal has been made for the establishment of an afternoon theatre in London for performances every afternoon, for the convenience of country residents and such Londoners as prefer afternoon air to night air. The success that has attended the occasional afternoon performances at the principal houses warrants the belief that a theatre might thus permanently cater with good financial results.

We are happy to see that the Lord Chamberlain considers what is "sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." The manager of the St. James's Theatre states that the actor in the play of "Rabagas," who has hitherto appeared in the guise of Mr. Odger, has now, in obedience to an intimation from his Lordship, to abandon a costume and "make-up," which are considered objectionable.

Mr. Gye will be first in the field with operatic performances this season. He commences his twenty-seventh season at the Royal Italian Opera on the 1st of April, and retains the services of most of the lyric artists who have become famous under his rule. Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Pauline Lucca, Mdlle. Albani, Mddle. Scalchi, Signor Nicolini, Signor Bettini, Signor Graziani, and M. Faure, are included in the programme issued.

The fact is certainly worth recording, that on Saturday night last, the "School for Scandal" was performed for the 200th night before a numerous audience at the Vaudeville Theatre. To this marvellous "run," to which some years ago nothing could be compared, whether the "running" play was new or old, there have been no interruptions, excepting such as are prescribed by law, and thus for 200 nights, flowing on without let or hindrance, Sheridan's great comedy, performed by the Vaudeville company, has been visible to the British public.

Lockit's song in "The Beggars' Opera," commencing "When you censure the age," was intended as a stab at the unpopular conduct of Sir Robert Walpole, who went to the theatre expecting no danger. The audience caught the *double entendre* and encored the song, fixing their eyes upon the Minister; he joined heartily in the plaudits, encoring it a second time with his single voice, which not only blunted the poetical shaft, but gained a general hurrah from pit and gallery. This story is singularly *à propos* just now, and might have served as a lesson to those who were so tetchy about the "Happy Land."

The French Society of Dramatic Authors, assembled at a special meeting, has just decided by a large majority that the managers of theatres cannot, and shall not, have the right of representing their own works on the stage under their control. Immediately this decision was made known, Offenbach signified to M. Boulet, the present manager of the Gaîté, his intention of entering into possession of the theatre in June next. The statutes of the omnipotent society oblige the holder of a theatre to play any piece or pieces accepted by his predecessor, and as M. Boulet has agreed to play "Orphée aux Enfers" and "La Belle Hélène," Offenbach will be forced to revive these two opéra bouffes, although he is prohibited from playing his own works.

The all-absorbing topic of conversation in theatrical circles has been the action taken by the Lord Chamberlain with regard to the burlesque at the Court Theatre. The caricatures were certainly too life-like to be relished by the powers that be, and the thing itself too good to last, so, on Thursday last week his lordship came down with a heavy hand upon the peccant theatre, forbade the further performance of "Happy Land," and commanded Miss Litton to close the doors of her house in the full spring-tide of success. The sin committed may be readily learnt from the following very pithy and explanatory notice, circulated (in print) about the theatre:—"Notice—'The Happy Land.'—Miss Litton begs to inform the public that the Lord Chamberlain has forbidden Messrs Fisher, Hill, and Righton to make up their faces in imitation of Messrs. Gladstone, Lowe, and Ayrton.—Royal Court Theatre, March 6." On Friday, it appears, on these conditions the injunction was withdrawn, but the company being dispersed, the theatre could not be reopened. On Saturday evening "The Happy Land," with some passages excised, and the personalities of "make-up" entirely done away with, was played to a house crowded in every part; and the alterations which have been made at the bidding of the Lord Chambelain, so as to restore the piece, in fact, to the shape in which it was formerly approved by him for representation, did not seem to lessen its amusing qualtties.

IN COURT.

THE WEST AUCKLAND POISONING CASE.

The trial of Mary Ann Cotton for the murder of her stepson, a lad of seven years of age, named Charles Cotton, was commenced before Mr. Justice Archibald, at the Durham Assizes, on Wednesday last week. The court was thronged long before the hour of the trial, and intense interest was manifested in the proceedings. Mr. Russell, in opening the case, stated that prisoner had formerly been a nurse at the Sunderland Infirmary, being at that time Mrs. Mowbray, that she afterwards became Mrs. Robinson, and then married a pitman named Cotton, and lived at West Auckland. The family consisted of Cotton, his wife, his two children by a previous marriage, and prisoner's own son by Cotton. Prisoner subsequently fell into straitened circumstances. She was a widow, with a stepson, whose death she was now charged with having caused, and the household then consisted only of those two persons. No doubt she might have found the care of the child irksome and burdensome, seeing that he prevented her following the employment of a nurse, or doing any other service by which she could obtain a livelihood. About the 6th or 7th July last year the child became ill, and suffered from purging and vomiting, and a few days afterwards died. A strict and accurate analysis of the contents of the stomach and viscera had led to the conclusion, clear and undoubted, that the child had died by the administration of arsenic. Evidence would be adduced to show that no one but the prisoner had had the care of the child, that she had actually bought an arsenical preparation, part of which had been used for the purpose of destroying vermin, and that she had had a motive for the commission of the crime.

Witnesses having proved the prisoner's connection with the Sunderland Infirmary, in which all the nurses had constant access to the surgery, Sarah Smith was called to speak as to the prisoner's first appearance in the village of West Auckland, in 1871. Cotton, the husband, died about three months after the arrival of the family; the eldest boy, Frederick, aged ten years, died early in 1872. Prisoner's own son, an infant named Robert Robson, died a few weeks afterwards, and a lodger named Nattress died on Easter Monday. The deceased in the present case, Charles Edward Cotton—a healthy boy of seven years of age—died in July of the same year. Witness went to see him the day before his death, and found him suffering from the same sickness and pains in the bowels as had been experienced by the other members of the family.

Mary Ann Dodds, a charwoman, said she was cleaning in the prisoner's house some weeks before the death of deceased, and heard the prisoner tell the boy to go to Mr. Townend's for threepennyworth of soft soap and arsenic for killing bugs. It was obtained, and a good portion of it was used over a bedstead, the remainder being put into a jar and carried upstairs. There was a green paper on the wall of the bed-room, and from the way in which the arsenic was applied to the bed, a good deal of it might have got upon the mattresses. As far as she knew, the prisoner was the only person who ever attended upon the boy.

Mr. Riley, the overseer of West Auckland, said he had been asked by the prisoner to give an order for the boy's admission to the workhouse, and as he could not do so she complained of the great hardship of being compelled to keep a child which was not her own, especially when it prevented her getting a respectable lodger. Witness had heard it repeated in the village that the prisoner was about to be married to a Mr. Mann, and on telling her she replied, "It might be so, but the boy is in the way." Prisoner referred to the hardship of her case several times, and added, on the last occasion, "Perhaps it will not matter, as I shall not be troubled long. He will go like all the rest of the Cotton family." Witness had known the deceased to be a fine, quick, and active lad, and had never heard of anything being the matter with him, and therefore he said, "You don't mean to tell me that this little healthy fellow is going to die?" Prisoner replied, "Yes; he will not get up." Three or four days afterwards he was passing the prisoner's door, and was then greatly shocked to hear that the boy was dead. Witness was asked to go in, but from what he had suspected on a former occasion, he declined to do so, and gave information of the occurrence to the police.

Other witnesses having been called to prove the prisoner's regret at being hampered with the child, and as to the cruel way in which she had ill-used it, James Young proved that prisoner had insured the deceased in the Prudential Life Insurance Office. Dr. Kilburn stated that, on a post-mortem examination, he found arsenic or antimony by Reinsch's test, and that he forwarded the stomach and intestines to Dr. Scattergood, of Leeds.

The trial was resumed on Thursday morning. The prisoner had a haggard appearance, and seemed much depressed. The first witness called was Mr. Scattergood, lecturer on toxicology in the Leeds School of Medicine, who had made an analytical examination of the viscera of the deceased child. He stated that he found abundant traces of arsenic in the stomach and the organs of the body.—In cross-examination by Mr. Foster, he said green wall-paper was dangerous to health. The inhalation of particles of arsenical dust from wall-paper would not produce the same results as those he observed in his analysis. Arsenic might get into the lungs by inhalation, and from the lungs into the heart, liver, &c., but not into the contents of the stomach.

A lengthy argument there followed as to whether the evidence in the other three charges of murder preferred against the prisoner should be entered into. Mr. Foster objected to this course, and cited several cases in order to support his objection. Ultimately his Lordship ruled that the evidence in the other cases might be given. Evidence was then given with reference to the death of Joseph Nattrass, thirty-seven, Frederick Cotton, ten, and Robert Robson Cotton, fourteen months old, all of whom exhibited the same symptons, and were all tended by the prisoner.

Mr. Russell, Q.C., in addressing the jury, dealt with the suggestions of his learned friend (Mr. Foster) as to the modes by which arsenic might have been accidentally taken, and remarked that, though the theories were all ingenious, they were, under the circumstances, absurd. As to the motives, he suggested the probability that the prisoner had been anxious to remove the child because it was a tie upon her, because she had no natural love for the child, and because she was desirous of securing the insurance money, which she could only obtain by its death.

Mr. Foster then addressed the jury for the defence. He submitted that the prosecution had entirely failed to make a case out against the prisoner. In many ways besides those suggested by the prosecution might the poison have got into the system of the child. He asked the jury to consider the whole case on its merits, and to dismiss from their minds all the evidence given in connection with the deaths of Nattrass and the other two children. During Mr. Forster's address the prisoner seemed deeply affected, and wept freely.

His Lordship carefully summed up, occupying a couple of hours, and the jury then retired. After fifty-five minutes they returned a verdict of guilty.

The Judge, in passing sentence, said the prisoner had been found guilty of murdering, by means of poison, her stepson, whom it was her duty to cherish and take care of. She appeared to have given way to that most awful of all delusions that seemed to take possession of persons wanting in proper moral and religious sense, that she could carry on her wickedness without detection, and that she could carry it on in secrecy; but, whilst death by poison was the most detestable of all crimes, and one at which human nature shuddered, it was one which, by the merciful order of God's providence, always left behind it one of the most clear and incontestable traces of guilt. These warnings were too late in her case; but he felt bound to utter them, that others might be deterred from crime by her miserable fate, and the certainty of detection and punishment. The judge then passed upon her the sentence of death in an impressive manner.

The prisoner fainted in the dock whilst the judge was addressing her, and she was removed in a prostrate condition.

THE GREAT CITY FORGERIES.

At the Mansion House, on Friday week, Edward Noyes, aged twenty-nine, described as a mercantile clerk, was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged on suspicion of being concerned in the great forgeries upon the Bank of England, in which an American named Albert C. Warren, is supposed to have been the principal. A foreigner named Jules Meuner, and a woman named Ellen Vernon, were also in custody upon the charge of having in their possesion £2,717, part of the produce of the same forgeries. It will be recollected that the total amount said to have been obtained by this ingenious and gigantic fraud exceeds £100,000 and the greater portion of the amount is said to have been invested in American bonds. The inquiry appeared to excite intense interest.

Mr. W. D. Freshfield, of the firm of Freshfield and Co., Bank-buildings, the solicitors to the Bank of England, appeared in support of the prosecution. Dr. Kenealy appeared for the defence of Noyes. It transpired that, since the prisoner has been confined in Newgate, his conduct has been such as to lead to a belief that he intended to commit some act of violence upon himself, and the officers of this court consequently kept a strict watch on him while in the cell, previous to his examination.

The prisoner, Edward Noyes, was first placed at the bar. Mr. May, one of the cashiers of the Bank of England, repeated the evidence he gave on a former occasion, which was to the effect that, in consequence of receiving information of forgeries having been committed on the Western Branch of the Bank of England, he went to the Continental Bank, where he found the prisoner, and gave him into custody. Mr. Amery, a clerk at the Continental Bank, proved that Warren, the person who has absconded, kept an account at their bank, and he knew the prisoner as his clerk. On the 1st of March the prisoner paid in a cheque for £5,000, and, in consequence of information he had received, he sent to the Bank of England, and the prisoner was taken into custody.

Colonel Francis, the manager of the Western Branch of the Bank of England, said that Warren opened an account with the bank, and large sums of money were paid in, and bills of exchange to a large amount were discounted.

Dr. Kenealy wished at this stage of the case to know what specific charge was made against the prisoner.

The Lord Mayor said that the charge at present was that of conspiring with other persons to defraud the Bank of England.

Dr. Kenealy then complained of the former examination having taken place in private, and he hoped that it would not be a precedent for establishing an inquisition in this country.

The Lord Mayor said that a grave fraud had been committed, and he had exercised the power given him by Jervis's Act to have the preliminary inquiry in private. The learned counsel were in possession of all the evidence that had been given on the former occasion.

Colonel Francis, in answer to a question put by Dr. Keneały, said he never saw the prisoner until the day he was given into custody.

Mr. Thomas Flowers, clerk to Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons, deposed that the acceptances to the two bills for £1,000 each, drawn by Mr. Janarlo, of Lisbon, and purporting to be accepted by Messrs. Rothschild, were forged. It was an imitation in each case of the signature of Sir Anthony de Rothschild, but not a good one.

Mr. Algar Joseph Baker, clerk to Messrs. Jay Cooke, M'Culloch, and Co., American bankers in Lombard-street, said he remembered receiving on the 7th inst. last three cheques for £7,500, £10,000, and £5,000, dated the 27th February, and drawn by Warren. They were brought to him by the prisoner—the £5,000 cheque early in the morning, and the other two in the afternoon. He requested the firm to buy bonds for Horton with the money. For the £5,000 cheque he wanted 20,000 dols. on the United States Loan, 1857, and for the other two 80,000 dols. in the United States Five per Cent. Funded Loan. Witness promised to buy them for him, and he arranged to call for them later in the day. Witness sent the cheques up to the West-end Branch of the bank, and they were duly placed to the firm's credit. He had known the prisoner since the middle of January last. He knew Warren, and he had some recollection of seeing the prisoner with him.

A witness from Amsterdam proved that the signature to a bill for £6,000, one of those that had been sent by Warren to the Branch Bank of England in a parcel of bills to the amount of £26,000 for discount, was a forgery. The witness knew nothing of the prisoner or of the man Warren, and he had never had any transactions with either of them. After some further evidence, the Lord Mayor remanded the prisoner for a week.

Later in the day, Munier and Vernon were brought up before the Lord Mayor, and Detective-sergeant Spittle said that about half-past eight on Thuursday evening he was at Euston-square station, and saw the prisoners there. He saw them go together into the cloak-room, and the male prisoner was carrying a black bag. He told them he would take them into custody for being in the unlawful possession of some property—referring to the bag and some packages taken into the cloak-room previously. The male prisoner said he knew nothing about the matter, that the female prisoner was a friend of his wife's' and that she had asked him to accompany her to Birmingham to take care of the property. The bag contained £2,717 in gold. The prisoner said Munier's statement was quite true, that he received the bag from her husband in a public-house outside. The officer added that he had reason to believe that Vernon was not the woman's right name. The Lord Mayor remanded the prisoners for a week, intimating that if the inquiries of the police as to the antecedents of the male prisoner were satisfactory, he would admit him to bail.

THE CASE OF HERBERT CRELLIN.

At the Clerkenwell Sessions, Mr. Serjeant Parry (who has been retained to conduct the prosecution of Herbert Crellin, an actor, charged with stealing a quantity of jewellery belonging to Mr. W. C. Brown, of Richmond-villa, Primrose-hill), applied to the Court to fix a day for the trial. The prosecution, he said, was ready to proceed at once; but Mr. M. Williams, though retained, had not yet been instructed for the defence. Mr. Montagu Williams said that he certainly was not prepared to take up the case to-day. After some discussion, it was arranged that the case should be taken on Monday, the 24th inst., the the first day of the next session, and that in the meantime the prisoner should be admitted to bail in his own recognizances in £100, and two sureties in £50, or one in £100.

THE LIZARDI CASE.

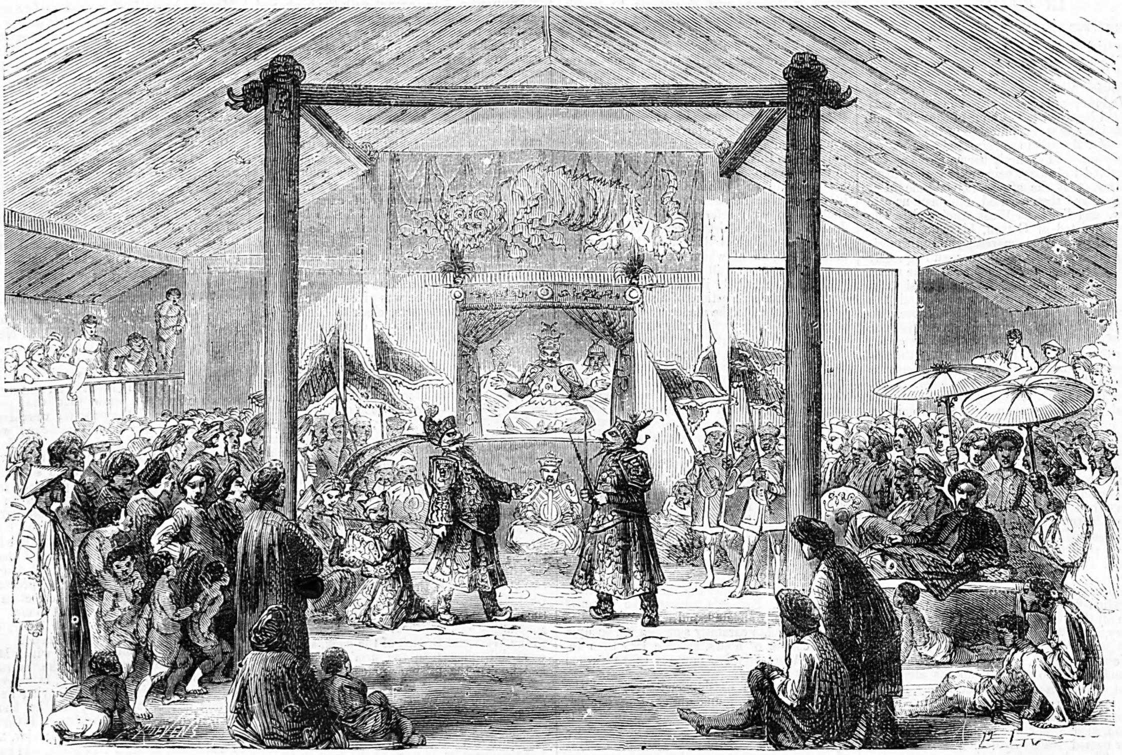
The case of Mr. Joseph Javier de Lizardi, who lately carried on business as a merchant at 124, Cannon-street, and resided at 97, Lancaster-gate, has now assumed a more serious aspect. It will be remembered that immediately after his failure for a very large amount, variously estimated at from three-quarters of a million to a million and a quarter, a charge was preferred against him of having unlawfully obtained a sum of £12,000 from Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co., the bankers in Lombard-street, on a bill of lading on which a previous advance had been made by another house. The accused was brought before the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion-house Justice-room on two occasions, and on being admitted to bail to the amount of £17,000, consisting of his own recognizances for £5,000 and two sureties for £6,000 each, he took the opportunity thus afforded him of absconding. Since then the Lord Mayor has granted a warrant for his apprehension on a still more serious charge—that of feloniously uttering forged orders for the delivery of goods; and the prosecutors, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co., have offered a reward of £250 for such information as will lead to his arrest. He is described as being 44 years of age, five feet six inches in height, with dark hair, and dark heavy moustache. The front part of his head is nearly bald, and he is said to twist his feet curiously in walking. With the £200 reward offered by the sureties, a price of £450 has now been set on the head of Mr. Lizardi.

THE MURDER AT NEWTOWNSTEWART.

The trial of Montgomery for the murder of William Glass, in June, 1871, at Newtownstewart, was opened at Omagh Assizes last week. The accused was sub-inspector of constabulary there, and Glass was a bank clerk. Serjeant Armstrong insisted on stating certain facts tending to show that the pecuniary circumstances of the prisoner were desperate, and that he had been threatened with dishonour. He had accepted moneys from constables under his command, for the purpose of investment, and had not done so, though he paid interest regularly. He promised principal and interest on one of these sums on the 1st of July, only two days after the murder. This evidence was not received at the last trial. On Thursday Mr. M'Dowell, who lived on the opposite side of the street, deposed that when Montgomery came out of the front door, which had previously been closed, he proceeded on the road to Omagh, in the direction of the field where the money was found. Three weeks previously he had sold Montgomery a quantity of lead. A witness named Medwell deposed to a conversation with Montgomery on the evening of the murder, in which the prisoner explained, in answer to a statement of witness as to having seen him coming out of the bank, that he had been engaged at a certain bridge, and then came to the bank. Finding the door ajar, he went in and spoke to Miss Thompson, and came out immediately. The other evidence related to the finding and appearance of the body. The judge decided to receive the evidence as to the pecuniary circumstances of the prisoner; and letters which passed between him and his wife's uncle, the Rev. Joseph Bradshaw, of Newtownards, and Head Constable Gallaher, of the same place, were also read. In the letter to his uncle it was stated that the prisoner had got a letter from Mackintosh, manager of the Ulster Bank, Newtownards, insisting upon the balance due being paid off at once, and asking Bradshaw to pay it for him. Dr. Porter, of Dublin, Surgeon to the Queen in Ireland, deposed to having, in February of last year, examined the wounds on the skull of the murdered man, whose remains had been disinterred for that purpose. There were twelve wounds, independent of that caused by the file being stuck into the ear. The point of a bill-hook, produced in court, fitted accurately into the wounds on the head, four of which were mortal. Three constables, under command of the accused, gave evidence of having entrusted money to him for investment and of his failing to do as he had promised, though he paid the interest regularly, except on one occasion, when he was threatened with legal proceedings. The Rev. Joseph Bradshaw, uncle of the prisoner's wife, acknowledged the receipt of a letter from the prisoner, requesting assistance in the payment of a demand. The case for the prosecution has ended.

THE BAND NUISANCE.

At Marlborough-street, Augustus Westerfield, musician, belonging to one of the boy German bands, was charged before Mr. Newton, with an assault. John Sullivan, a boy, whose mouth appeared to be badly hurt, said that, while coming through Brook-street he noticed a band of German musicians counting their money. One of them came up to him in a threatening way and asked him what he wanted. Thinking he was about to be struck, he gave the questioner a slight blow. The defendant then took up the prop which supported the music-stand and gave him a severe blow on the mouth. He had given the defendant no provocation. A cab-driver, named Bently, saw the assault, and described it as unprovoked and cruel. The defendant called his brother, who appeared to think the defendant was quite right. The complainant, after trying to strike him, "ran into the stick." The defendant said he was 15 years of age. Mr. Newton sent for his father and repeated the evidence to him; and the mother, who was also present, said her sons were much annoyed by boys. Mr. Newton said probably that was so. He wished he had power to stop the nuisance of these bands altogether. A most unjustifiable assault had been committed, and he wished the defendant and his companions to know that striking people with such things as music-stands would not be tolerated. Had the defendant been a man he would have sent him to prison without a fine. The matter was settled by the defendant paying 10s. as compensation, and a fine of 20s.



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